Gal 8 Sb

SCOTLANDS WELCOME TO HER NATIVE SONNE. *AND SOVERAIGNE LORD,* KING CHARLES

Wherein is alſo contained, the maner of His *Coronation*, and *Convocation of* PARLIAMENT; *The whole Grievances*, and abuſes of the Common-wealth of this *Kingdome*, with *diverſe other relations, never heretofore publiſhed.*

Worthy to be by all the Nobles and Gentry peruſed; and to *be layd up in the hearts, and cheſts of the whole Commouns*, whoſe intereſts may beſt claime it, either in meane, or maner, *from which their Priuiledges, and fortunes are drawne*, as from the Loadſtar of true direction.

By WILLIAM LITHGOVV, the BONAVENTVRE, of *EVROPE*, *ASIA*, and *AFRICA*.

De REGE *Vaticinium.*

Pace datâ terris, animum ad civilia vertet
Iura ſuum, legeſq; feret juſtiſſimus auctor;
Exemploq; ſuo mores reget, inq; futuri
Temporis ætatem, venturorumq; nepotum
Proſpiciens, prolem ſanctâ de conjuge natam
Ferre ſimul nomenq; ſuum, curaſq; jubebit. Ovid. Met. 15.

EDINBVRGH
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TO HIS LOVING PILGRIMAGIOVS POET, *WILLIAM LITHGOW.*

CAN not thy Travells, blaze abroad thy worth?
Which never yet did SCOT, the lyke ſet forth,
Nor one in *Europe*, can with *Thee* compare,
For thyne adventures, excellent, and rare,
But that thou muſt, in adding fame, to fame,
Thy matchles merits, in thy *Muſe* proclayme:
I can not call it Pryde, but vertue ſhowne,
From *Thee*, to vs, through this wyde *Ile* well knowne:
But more an obligation, which thou ought,
Vnto thy natiue *Soyle*; ſo headlong brought,
In deep diſtreſſes, grieuances, and loſſe,
Whilſt ſorrow, on ſorrow, addes croſſe, to croſſe,
Which thou rippſt vp, vnto the very roote,
Whence all theſe evills come, and ſpringing ſprout:
Beſydes this jouiall welcome, to our King,
Which quicke *Invention*, now to light do'th bring:
O! rare relations! worthy of regard!
And from thy *Prince*, and *Soyle*, deſerve reward;
But more for what, thou ſufferd into *Spaine*,
For CHRIST and Countrey, and thy late *Soueraigne*:
Which if it be not weighd, in tyme I feare,
That late repentance, ſhall buy pennance deare.
Tymes haue their turnes, and ev'ry turne a Tyme,
Men could not ſhift, without ſome changing *Clyme*;
For where neglect, claps merit on the face,
The errour, not the object, reaps diſgrace:
Then pregnant *Pilgrime*, reſt thou yet content,
Hope ſtill that Tyme, ſhall crowne thy braue intent,
KINGS haue their mynds, and reaſon juſt demands,
For Merit, can not fall, where judgement ſtands.

I. A.

Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus. Horat.

TO HIS KYND FRIEND, AND RENOWNED

TRAVELLER, WILLIAM LITHGOVV.

WHILST thyne adventures paſt, and Travells rare,
In hoteſt *Clymes*, of vigour-parching *Sunne*:
Through *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africk* thryſe thy ſhare,
O're which brunt face, thy ſcorched Body runne:
Still clogd with dangers, fortunat to ſhunne,
Lyf-fatall hazards; which attempts procurd,
From curious driſts; and which thy worth begunne,
To knit thy fame, in memory immurd;
Renownd, admyrd, applauſd, for aye aſſurd,
To ſoare on wings, of never-dyeing Toyles,
And in thy paynes, thy *Countreyes* name ſecurd,
Into the *Annales*, of remoteſt *Soyles*:
But what I now admyre, are theſe thy ſpoyles,
Thou bringſt from *Pindus* Tops; O rare bred ſtraine!
And pregnant ſtyle, which thyne engyne recoyles;
To ſhow theſe greefs, which SCOTLAND, do'th ſuſtayne:
A worke, where Trueth, moſt juſtly do'th complayne,
On the abuſe, and grievance of this Land,
Which thou breks vp, from thy *Patheticque* veyne,
To ſhow thy *Sou'raigne*, how her cace doth ſtand:
Then *Royall Sir*, but liſten to peruſe,
The ſweet-ſad ſongs of *Lithgows* matchles *Muſe*,
And *Thou* ſhalſt ſee, what never yet was ſhowne,
To Scottiſh *Kings*; ſince *Scotland* firſt was knowne.

L. W.

VIRG.

Tu ne cede malis, ſed contra audentior ito.

WHilſt SCOTLANDS *Welcome*, ſends its ſubſtant ſhow
To Mighty CHARLES, as bund duetie owe;
To whom ſweet ſongs, and heavie plaints it brings,
Mixt ſo, and framd, diſcovring ſerious things:
Yet ſome blind judgements may condemne my *Muſe*,
For touching that, which they them ſelues abuſe:
But if it gall, their ſtinking ſores, long wounded,
A tuſh for baſe deſpight, from ſuch hate grounded:
Whoſe guilt may plead, and tell their conſcience thus,
Shrewd faults find eyes, and *Tyme* muſt puniſh vs;
Which if one age ago, this *Land* had beene
Check'd of ſuch faults, might now haue beene ſund cleane.
As for the *Critick*, or the carping Slaue,
Goe hang himſelfe, I care not for a knaue:
Whilſt for the *Commoun-wealth*, I ſtand to plead,
To ſhow *Oppreſſours* tyranny and greed:
And eu'ry grievous vyce, this Land affords,
Where I affect more matter, than coynd words,
Brayne-wreſted ſtraines, *Ænigmatick* ſtile,
Or epitomizd *Epilogues* the while:
Although I dyving could, and ſoaring fetch,
My top-wingd flight, too high, for vulgar reach:
Whilſt I meanewhile, haue more paynes to be plaine,
Than to be curious, in the higheſt ſtrayne.
For what this worke affoords, lyf-burning *Taper!*
I had no *Bookes* to read, when pennd, but Paper:
With *Ink*, and *Pen*, my *Chamber*-garniſh bare,
Warme *Bed*, and *Boord*, none other *Book* was there:
But *Memory*, *Invention*, *Experience* great,
Whereon my labours, build their ſolid Seat:
Which if it bee not well done, goe and mend it,
For with the ſame condition, I Thee ſend it:
But ſtop, O ſtay! its harder to invent,
Then adding invention, to whats here meant.
This *Web* then ſee, of welcome I it Warp,
Whiles playne and prolixe, ſometymes breef, and ſharp;

ſadled, vnſadled, ſpurring on I goe,
And neither ſpares my friend, nor hurtes my foe,
But ſmoothly twixt two ſtrugling ſhoares I runne,
Flat-ſandy *Scilla*, *Charibdin* rocks to ſhunne:
For twixt like two, the golden meane may reſt,
Nether too bitter, nor too ſweet is beſt:
Which juſtly I ſet downe, and purpoſe lyke,
Vpon the *Anuill*, of the Trueth I ſtryke:
And if I erre in one jote, I requyre,
Let mee goe headlong to deaths fatall fyre.
Say, if he come this yeare, ſay he come not,
Yet tyme ſhall praiſe mee, for a louing SCOT.
Which being doubtfull, preciſely, how, and when,
I reddy made this worke, form *Preſſe*, from *Pen*:
Yet not to vent my Bookes, nor haue them ſould,
Before myne eyes, his comming in behould:
To whome the firſt I owe, to be preſented,
For onely, to him onely, its invented:
Which when it is devulgd, I dare expect,
From the judicious *Lector*, kynd reſpect.
Then read, miſconſter not, but wyſely looke,
If reaſon be, the *Miſtriſſe* of my *Booke*,
And if I finger, what thou fayne wouldſt touch,
O! thank mee, and be pleaſd; whylſt I avouch,
The commoun ſorrowes, of this groaning Land,
Which I lay open, to thyne open hand:
Then ponder, and peruſe it, thou ſhalſt fynd,
The *Sole Idea*, of thy Countreyes Mynd.

Thyne, as Thou art Myne,

WILLIAM LITHGOVV.

Non vita hæc ducenda eſt, quæ corpore & ſpiritu continetur, illa inquam, illa vita eſt, quæ viget memoriâ ſæculorum omnium, quam poſteritas alit, quam ipſa æternitas ſemper imetur.

SCOTLANDS WELCOME TO HER NATIVE SONNE.

AND SOVERAIGNE LORD,

KING CHARLES

WHat dark-drawne ſhads, haue my ſad face ore'ſpred?
Since *Iames*, the juſt, my peacefull *King*, hath fled
To court the King of *Kings*; and *Hierarchies*
Of glorious *Angels*; the ſweet harmonies
Of *Saincts* and *Martyrs*; environing round
The old *Eternall*; with the joyfull ſound
Of *Alleluhiaes*; ſinging fore the *Throne*,
Holy, *Holy*, *Lord*, to *Heavens*, *Holy One*;
The Lamb of GOD, hembd in, with burning glore
Praiſe, *Might*, *Dominion*, *Majeſtie*, and *Power*;
Where my *Monarchick Saincts*, for ever bleſt,
Is crownd, and raignes, in long eternall reſt.
I, I, I find, my griefe, and chiefeſt care,
Proceeds from wanting, of his *Sonne*, and heyre,
So long vnviewing *Mee*, and my ſad bounds;
Whoſe abſence, prick'd *Mee*, with ten thouſand wounds
Of doubts, and apprehenſions, if, or not,
My lawfull *King*, would haue his Lawfull lot:

Whilſt diverſe yeares and months I am refuſe,
A mourning *Widow*, left in ſable Sute.
True, and moſt true it is, the Proverbe proues,
That age is ſtill injurd, by younger loues:
And ſo am I, thine eldeſt *Region* made,
A preye to darke obliuions winter-ſhade,
Even as young *Nuptialls*, make olde *Widowes* ſtay,
Wnwedded, till ſome lingring *Husbands* day,
Where, when advyce, makes reſolution faſt,
The cords of *Reaſon*, bynds him at the laſt.
So now, O now hee comes! O happy, *Tyme!*
To warme the bowells of my northren *Clyme*,
And to reveiwe that *Loue*, my *Sire* left.
Plight in my boſome, when the *Heavens* him reft:
For which I'le make him welcome, Play the part,
Of a kind *Mother*, with a cheareſull *Heart*.
What meanes this goodly ſight? theſe trouping traines?
Which trace the *Marine*: trade the curling plaines?
Croſſing neare *Tweed*, my border-bounding *Rod*,
Would enter on my Liſts, a *Demi-God*:
Second'd with *Meteors*, gliſtring him about,
And met with *Miriads*, of my noble rout.
O ſome rare noveltie! ſome *Heros* deare!
Who with his Prime, brings in my Springtyde here,
The *Load-ſtar* of my *Fortunes*, and the *Cime*,
Of my beſt *Scopes*, moſt pure, and moſt ſublime,
My flowre of *Albion*, O! the ſolide way!
And center of my *Hopes*, my *Lyfe*, my *Stay*:
Even *CHARLES* the firſt, that ev'r brookd that Name,
And *Regall* title, of my *Diademe*.
Than welcome *Sonne*, my *Huſband*, and my *Father*,
All theſe to *Mee*, thou art, each one, or either,
My *Sonne*, and why? *Dumfermling* beares record,
I am thy *Patrian* Mother in a word:
My *Huſband* too, by right from *Parents* bred,
When with my *Crowne*, thou haſt my freedome wed:

And

And laſt my *Syre*, ſo can thy Scep ter ſwey,
Whilſt thou beares rule, I'me bund for to obey:
And now to welcome *Thee*, what *Leſbian* layes?
With *Lyrick*-tripping ſongs; what *Roundelayes*?
In *Saphick*-ſeaſond mirth bruſt from the *Muſes*,
And *Cataphalion* Creeks; where *Triton* vſes,
To make the *Sea-Nymphs* daunce, O! ſhrill tund notes,
Sprung from *Invention*; thundring, through ſweet throates
Of euer ſpringing joyes: *Rome* nere had
In all her Triumphs paſt, one day more glad;
Than thou auſpicuous *Prince*, ſhall now imbrace
From *Millions* of kynd *Soules*; the paſſing grace,
Of Loues extreameſt force, lyke as on *Earth*,
Seven Town-ſet Loues, Heart-ſwelld for *Homers* birth.
Then what dark clowds diſſolue? what ſhowry ſhades?
Diſſolue in Sun-ſhyne clearenes? what ſparkling wades?
In thy tranſplendant rayes? what parching beames?
My worlds eye-ſight imparts? what gliſtring gleames?
From *Heavens* ſtar-ſpangled *Roabe*? what joyes abound?
Within my *Bowells*? O! what pleaſant ſound?
Loues harmony affords? O! what rare *Fleece*?
Acoaſt, myne *Arathuſean* Springs from *Greece*,
With *Acedalian* Triumphes; O! what a blis?
And happynes, of *Iubile* is this?
To ſee my *Monarch*, enter in my bounds
To heale the ſores, of my long bleeding wounds:
Whilſt I, an *Virgine*, haue contingd my trueth,
Vnſpotted to my all redoubted *Youth*.
Lyke to that floure, *Panthoas* into *Creet*,
That ſcornes the Sun-ſhyne day? and loues to greet.
The ſiluer *Moone*, in opning golden leaues,
But to the day-tyme none, then onely grieues;
And will not with none other hearbs cohere,
But with it ſelfe, and from it *Cynthia* deare,
So thou the *Aurore*, of my long worne night
Reverts to giue, thy chaſt *Panthoas* light!

Then welcome *Soveraigne*, welcome to my Soyle,
Where thou ſhalſt pleaſure, and content recoyle;
Here water *Nymphs* exult, here *Zephire* blowes
A *Pandedalian* luſter to my *Roſe*:
The aire reſounds thy welcome, winds their part,
And all good Subjects, one true voice, one heart:
Two *Marines* cloſing, claſp *Thee*, in their armes
Where cloudy *Silvan* tip-toed, ſtately charmes
With ſweet allurements, ſhaddy pyping *Pan*,
Whilſt worlds of voyces, ſeeme one ſinging *Man*.
So eccheing Birds, from ſweet redoubling notes,
Sing ſearing welcomes, though through diverſe throates,
Ingraft from fragrant Springs, *Font*-guſhing ſtreames
Melting through *Meeds*, to welcome *Thee* from *Thames*:
Three floods ſprung from one Hill, *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, and *South*
Clyde, *Tweed*, and *Annan*, each with gaping mouth,
Doth bellowing roare, and kyndly tumbling ſlyde,
To greet thy grateſull *Loue*, as they divide:
So *Don*, and *Nith*, ſwift *Dee*, and head-ſtrong *Tay*
Lake-linking *Levin*, *Meandring Forth*, and *Spay*;
Would melting murmure, ruſling on fiſh'd Pearles,
This ſweet, ſweet *Eccho*, welcome, welcome *Charles*.
The *Hills* rebound, *Bellowmound* threats the *Skies*,
And piramized *Tinto* would ſurpriſe
Earths high *Æthereall* Seat; whilſt *Goatfield* hill,
In *Arrane* greets the *Mayne*, with *ecchoes* ſhrill
Of Heart-growne joyes, whiles that her ſnow-whyte Tops,
Stoup downe, and kindly thine affection lops.
The *Vayles* exhale deep cryes, the whiſtling rounds,
Of Earths ſeven-*Æol'd* Towres, performe like ſounds;
All bid *Thee* welcome, LITHGOVV bids *Thee* too;
For what in meane hee wants, goodwill ſhall doe.

EDINBVRGHS welcome.

Let *Edinburgh*, my *Metropole*, perfite
The reſt, with *Pageants*, of admird delite:
Where *Mercury* ſhall ſpeake, with ſyde-hung wings,
And *Iuno* kiſſe ſoft *Pallas*; *Venus* brings

Her

Her golden Apple; *Loue* and *Riches* carp,
Gainſt *Wiſedome*, on, their God *Appolloes* Harp:
There ſhall ſhrill Trumpets ſound, lowd thundring Drummes,
With roaring Cannons, cry, Hee comes, Hee comes:
Where, when receau'd, by that illuſtrious *Towne*,
Along thou rydſt to *Church*, grac'd in renowne:
Where thou ſhalſt heare, flow from a zealous heat
Divine drawne doctrine, mixt with welcomes great:
Beſides rare ſpeeches, at each *Pageant* made,
To cheriſh thine arrivall; make the glad
With lovely ſights and prayſes; Poets ſtraine,
Sprung from quick DRVMMONDS fierce *Caſtalian* veine.
The Sermon done, their *Provoſt* ſhall conduct
Thy ſacred Perſon, the way, which they conſtruct
Straight to their Banquet-houſe, and feaſting place;
Where rareſt dainties ſhall preſent thy face:
There *Ceres* joynes with *Bacchus*; *Hymen* trowes,
To tye to them thy *Loue*, by ſolemne vowes;
For to maintaine, their libertie and right,
Being their comfort, when they want thy ſight.
And ah! too much it is, for that kind *Towne*,
To want thy *Court* and *Preſence*; what pulles downe
Beſt *Citties* now on *Earth*? But want of trade,
And Courtly Commerce; O! *a Soveraigne head!*
Where now I leaue them, to giue *Thee* content,
For I'le debord no more from mine intent.
That fright-fled wandring *Prince*, from *Ilions* fire,
Neu'r coaſted *Carthage*, with more glad deſire;
And the *Barbarian* ſhoare; to find the grace,
Of loving *Dido*, and her pittying face;
Than thou from this, *Numidia* of thine,
Gets meeting, greeting, treating to bee myne:
And gladder far, to ſee thy ſafe returne,
Than *Africks* ſoile, could in affection burne,
Vnto a Stranger; for thou comes not ſo,
As if promiſcuous, neither friend nor foe.

Nor comes thou with ſterne bloody collours flying,
repugnant coparisons. Or with a doubtfull mynd, as one a dying:
Nor lyke theſe *Turkiſh* fyre-brands of Hell,
The race of *Ottoman*; that loue to quell,
All ſorts of People; *Perſian*, *Greeke*, and *Iew*,
Arabian, *Moore*, and *Chriſtian*, would ſubdew,
The *Vniverſe* to bee, but one *Dominion*,
Wherein, the *Spanyard* too, would bee his *Minion*:
Nay; thou comes better, ſo the *Heavens* appoynted,
Even, in the name of GOD, the LORDS anoynted:
So, I receaue *Thee*, as the righteous *Heyre*,
Of *Mee*, and myne inheritance, moſt fayre,
Which ſhall not crowne *Thee*, lyke theſe groaning bounds,
Hemb'd in about, with the *Hircanian* rounds:
Nor comes thou to encroach, on *Indian Soyles*,
To pillage *Peru*; and to caſt the ſpoyles
Of minrall *Mettalls*, on ſterne bloody *Mars*,
Wherewith ſad *Epitaphs*, bedeck *Mens Herſe*:
Nor, as the *Worlds* Vſurper, *Philip* did,
When hee betrayd *Navarre*, vnder plots hid:
Nor as hee ſeazd, on *Portugale*, and tooke,
From loſt *Emanuell*, the golden Booke:
Nor like to *Petro*, baſely murthring downe,
The *French*, at *Veſpers*, for the *Sicile* Crowne:
Lyke inſtances, I many could afford,
But *Tyme*, it traitours *Mee*, and in a word,
O! thou comes well! and with a Conſcience juſt;
Of right indubitable; *Reaſon* muſt,
On *Thee*, conſer my neuer-conquerd Crowne,
Which now ſhall Crowne *Thee*, with the old renowne,
Of thine *Auncestors*; and which birth *Thee* brings,
Deſcended from one hundreth, and ſeuen *Kings*:
Scotlands Crowne neu:r conquerd. Which they by worth, and I by valour kept,
Whilſt myne encroaching foes, with *Irne* I whipt.
But by thy leaue, (Sir,) I muſt let *Thee* ſee,
What kynd of Crowne, I now preſent to *Thee*;

A Mayden Crowne, vnconquerd, neuer wone,
Since *Fergus*, my firſt *Monarch* it begunne:
And ſo from him, to *Kenneth* who ſubdued,
The *Pights*, and in their blood his hands imbrewd:
Whence bloody battells, and braue chivalrye,
From race, to race, kept and maintaynd it free:
Whilſt neither *Danes*, nor *Engliſh*, *Saxons* could,
With awfull *Romans*, this Crowne, get, or hould,
Such were my forces, in my *Champions* ſtrong,
That ſtill keept, it and *Mee*, from forraine wrong,
What ſhould I ſpeake of *Wallace*, *Bruce*, *and Grahame*?
The *Dowglaſſes*, and *Stewarts*, of great fame?
With thouſands moe, of much renowned worth,
Which my true *Chronicle*, vively ſets foorth,
But leaue *Thee* there to reade, what deeds were wrought,
And for thy matchles *Auncients*, ſtoutly fought,
How many hundreth thowſand Lyves were loſt?
Which from my bowells ſprung; nay; I dare boaſt,
Of *Millions* which to ſaue, this Crowne for *Thee*,
And purchaſe freedome, car'd not for to dye.
So lyke I ſweare, if lyke were to invade,
My Crowne, their fates, in fields of blood, ſhould wade:
Than let not evill Counſell, *Thee* inveſt,
Nor trechrous *Sicophant*, thy peace moleſt:
For I haue none, which burrow, of *Mee* breath,
But rather far, will ſpend their lives on death;
Than ſuffer this, myne auncient right to goe,
To moderne friendſhip, ones my cruell foe,
And now to ſaue, this *Virgin* Crowne for *Thee*,
There is no foe, can fright *Mee*, make mee flee,
From right, from field, from battell, force, or fight,
So long as I haue Lyfe, blood, Lungs or might:
Whilſt now; what *Kingdome* can their *Prince* renowne?
With lyke invinced, freedome of a Crowne:
Looke to my valour Paſt? and thou mayſt ſpy,
Where diuerſe Nations, got of Mee ſupply,

The Valours of Scotiſh worthies.

France

Fraunce can approue my *Manhood*, I relieu'd
Their State from thraldome, when it was ſurgrieu'd:
Witneſſe, our mutuall *League*, witneſſe their guard
And myne their naturaliz'd, for my reward.
Like *Belgians* ſweare, their ſtrength, their ſtouteſt hand,
And *Warriours* beſt, are bred within my Land:
The *Almaynes* too record, what I haue done
And what my *Souldiers*, aunciently there wone:
Looke to my Siſter *Swethland*, and behold!
What birth I ſend them, deſp'rate, ſtout, and bold:
For *Polland* ſhee's my Nurſe, brings vp my *Youth*,
Full thritty thouſands, yearely, of a trueth;
Than loades them with, the fatneſſe of her *Soyle*,
Which, I, in their due tyme, doe ſtill recoyle:
Than look to *Denmark*, where twelue thouſands ly,
Serving thine *Vncle*, ſharpeſt fortunes try.
Some certaine numbers of valiant Scots.
Laſt, ſtep I o're to *Ireland*, and doe ſee,
Full Fourty thouſand *Scots*, arm'd Men, there bee:
Beſides, at home, one hundreth thouſands moe,
Young, ſtout, and ſtrong, well arm'd for *Thee*, to goe;
To challenge *Deſtinie*, and cruell *Fate*,
And all *Vſurpers*, dare menace my *State*:
Then ſlight mee not (Dread Sir) ſince I, and Myne,
Still vow, to ſerue *Thee*, as wee haue done Thyne:
For by this count, and much more, thou mayſt ſee,
What forces great, my bounds, reſerue for *Thee*.
The *World*, *Mans Theater*, and commoun *Stage*,
Wherein, each acts his part, in youth or age;
Can not, nor could, produce, a Manlyer kynd
(Of *Hearts* invincible, of conſtant mynd;
Stout, *ſtrong*, and *Durable*, *Couragious* too,
Ever ſtill, formoſt, where, there's moſt adoe)
Than thoſe my *Martiall* Sonnes; whoſe *Hearts* now yeeld,
Their hands, their ſwords, to fight for *Thee*, in field:
Being *Buffles* in cold, *Elephants* in rayne,
Camels in hunger, *Lyons* after gaine.

And

And now obſequious to thy new-reard *Crowne*,
Would lay their goods and liues before *Thee* downe:
Then bee thou jocund; and redound them thankes,
In private and in publict, by their ranks:
Thy great *Grand-father*, O! *King Iames* the fiſt,
Was *merry*, *ſtout*, and *wiſe*, *Henrie vnwiſt*;
The flower of *Princes*, mirrour of his tyme,
Made *Chriſtendome* admire his *Manly* pryme:
So *Thou* his ſecond ſelf, by worth ſucceeds,
And Nature too, to all his vertuous deeds:
Then let thy cheareſull face, with joviall rayes
Illuminat thy Peoples loue and praiſe:
Thus, thy late *Syre*, *Salomon*; my *King*,
When hee ſurveighd mee laſt, did comforts bring,
And joyes abundant to this *Albion* land;
Which hee by death did ſeaze into thy hand.
So, ſo, I come to crowne *Thee*, whilſt the *Heavens* *The coro-nation.*
O'reſhaddow *Thee* with *Seraph'd Cherubins*:
Whence, glorious *Angels* flee with joyfull wings
Of *Peace* and *gladnes* from the *King* of *Kings*;
To bleſſe this ſacred work, and happy vnion,
Twixt *Prince* and *People*; O! thryſe bleſt communion!
The Springs *Pæneian* flow, ſweet *Demthen* Rills,
Swell from ſteep *Pindus*; *Permeſſis*, guſhing fills
The *Sorean*-fonted *Meeds*; the forked *Tops*,
Diſſolue, and melt in *Heliconean* drops.
From whence the *Nymphall* nyne take flight, and come,
Crownd with *Roſe garlands*, *Delphian bayes*, and ſome
With *Laurell Mantles* of the *Olive* hew,
To grace this *Coronation*, Sir; of You:
And leaue the *ceremoniall* reſt to bee
Done by the Biſhop of *Sainct-Andrewes*; Hee
Shall bleſſe *Thee*, anoynt *Thee*, in word, in deed,
Then ſet my golden *Crowne* on thy bleſt *Head*:
Whilſt thou in Purple *Roabes* of *State* ſhall ſtand,
To bleſſe thy *People*, with thy tongue and hand:

Which done, their *Hearts* and *voices* ſhall cry thus,
GOD ſaue and keepe King CHARLES *long for vs.*
O Helleſpont! now groanes to beare the lode!
Of kynd *Leanders* loue to *Hieroes* God.
Whilſt both my *Sword*, and *Scepter* downe are layd
Before thy Face, in ſigne I am a *Mayd*:
Which *Guerdo-knot*, none can vnty, nor twiſt,
Till thou my *Phillipides*, lyke and liſt:
Now thou art crownd, and ſince I crownd thy *Syre*,
Iuſt, threeſcore two yeares preſently expyre:
Though *Crownes* bee *Crownes* of Care; GOD grant my *Crowne*,
May *Health*, *Wealth*, *Loue*, and *Peace* to Thee redoune;
Which long may thou enjoy, and thy *Race*,
So long as *Sunne*, or *Moone*, keep courſe or place.

The Parliament.

Now comes my *Parliament*, now comes theſe tymes,
Where thou and they ſhould vindicate groſſe crymes:
Sit then in *Iudgement*, and bee careſull too,
For to performe what thy great charge ſhould doe:
Firſt then confirme both wholeſome Lawes and good,
And ſtabliſh *juſtice*; let thy *Grace* conclude
A finall reſolution, for my *State*
In *Counſell* and in *Seſſion*: ah! of late
A foggy miſt diſſolu'd, and broke aſunder;
My *Pillars* from the *Marble* pauement vnder:
As Iudges ſhould bee juſt, ſo ſhould they bee
As prompt, for to doe juſtice ſpeedily;
And not with long delayes, to wring the lyſe
Of poore Mens cauſes, to a doubtfull ſtriſe:
Which often blinds the right, and turnes the wrong,
Victorious over reaſon; O! ſad ſong!
When equity is curbd; and ſquink reſpect
Involues the trueth into a baſe neglect;
Els in *Buccardo*, ſealing miſregard
For *fauour*, *friendſhip flattry*, or *reward*:
So thus too oft is juſtice wrung and wounded,
And wholeſome lawes for private ends confounded.

But

But meanewhile, I thy greateſt *Care* recall,
To ſettle true *Religion*, and enſtall
Good godly Men and ſound, in *Prelats* function,
Mou'd by devoution, and conſcious compunction:
So ſhall the *Goſpell* flooriſh, and thy lyſe
Made peaceſull, happy, from ſeditious ſtryſe.
As for my *Clergie*, I affirming vow,
The ſolid trueth to GOD, and then to You;
There are no People, nor no Land ſo bleſt,
With Godly Preachers, and GODS word profeſt
With more ſinceritie, taught, ſhowne, and preach'd,
Than in my *Kingdome*, there was never teach'd
Profounder doctrine; more divine reſounds
In CHRISTS reformed *Church*, than in my bounds:
Which to perfite, an vniformall mynd,
GOD grant his *Sacrament* may paſſage find:
And ſcruplous ſtops may bee hewne downe, and made
As plaine, as *Chriſt* Himſelſe; vs taught and ſayd.
Now I'le degreſſe, and leaue this vpper part
Of *Church* and *State* to GOD, and thy juſt Heart:
I haue no lower houſe of *Parliament*,
To puniſh or repreſſe each detriment;
Preſt greivance, or abuſe of *Commonweale*,
But what my ſuffrings muſt to *Thee* reveale;
Then heere they are, and ponder them, I pray *Thee*,
And let not theſe my juſt complaints diſmay *Thee*;
But rather cauſe amend them, and redreſſe
Theſe groſſe enormities, which I'le expreſſe.
True and moſt true it is, my chiefeſt health
Conſiſts (Dread Sir) moſt in the *Commonwealth*:
Which ah *allace!* hath never heeretofore
Beene ſoundly pitch'd, leſſe grounded, and far more
Diſdainefully caſt off, for who are they
That ever ſtroue a Commonn courſe to ſwey?
There is no *Providence*, nor publick good
Graft in my boſome, my *Townes* are denude

The abuſe of the commonn-wealth.

Of *Policie* and *Venters*; Men pleaſe themſelues,
And care not though my fortune ſplit on Shelues:
Haue I not *Floods* and *Seas*, good *Ships* and *Ports*?
Braue *Sea-men*, *Pilots*, *Skippers*, and *Conſorts*;
But where's the *Merchand* that will freely enter,
To put theſe *Men* to work; and byde the venter
Of doubtfull ſucceſſe; nay; there's none I ſee,
That now dare hazard further than his eye:
Yet *Mans* not borne to pleaſe himſelfe alone,
That were *idolatrizing* loue to one:
But totally for GOD, partly for friends,
Partly for Countrey, laſt for his owne ends.
As for my *Trades*, they're ruind with decay,
There few or none imployd: My *Nobles* play
The curious *Courtizan*; that will not bee
But in ſtrange faſhions; O! what Noveltie
Is this? that *London*, robbes Mee of my gaine:
Whilſt both my *Trades* and *Merchands* ſuffer paine.
Nay; I muſt ſay, there is no courtly guyſe,
Nor frivole toyes though frenchifyed thryſe,
Bee't in or out of faſhion, Myne muſt haue it;
Though neither meanes nor honeſty would craue it.
But ſince they will proue fooles, yet why ſhould Strangers
Enjoy the profit from fantaſtick *Rangers*,
And not myne owne? There is no Nation can,
Compare with my beſt *Trades*; match man for man.

Superfluous poſting to Court.

Beſides my *Nobles*, ſee my *Gentry* too
Poſt vp, poſt downe; their ſtates for to vndoe:
Nay, they will morgadge all; and to bee breeſe,
Ryde vp with gold, and turne againe with greeſe:
Who better far might ſtay at home, and liue,
And not their meanes to loueleſſe labour giue.
It grieues Mee, I ſhould yeeld them yeerely rent,
Whilſt vainely it in Neighbour Lands is ſpent:
But *ecce homo*, and behold the end,
My Lands change *Land-Lords*, whilſt my *Youngſters* ſpend.

Nay

Nay there's a gen'rall ruyne through my bounds,
Which makes my ſydes to ſhiver: O! what wounds
By *Prodigals* I get? There's not a ſtroake
Theſe *Spend-thrifts* thruſt, but brings Mee in ſome yoke:
And thus they take my money all away
To ſpend abroad; whilſt it ſhould rather ſtay,
For to enrich my *Bowels*; and to barter,
For Cornes and Merchandiſe in evry quarter.
Then Poſt and Poſt againe, Poſt altogether
To *Bag-ſhot*, then to beggrie; nay, and whether?
To roote from *Earth* their memorie and Name,
Stamping themſelues on *Hippodromes* of ſhame:
I care not for their falls, their lands ly ſtill,
Though changd from hand to hand, from ill to ill:
And like the *Weather-Cock*, from Airt to Airts,
Their locall grounds are changd from pairt to pairts:
Now heere's a wedſet, there's a flying off,
And heere's the priſon, there's a *Iaylours* ſcoff:
In comes *Thom Tumbler* with his bags and bellie,
To alter *Tackes* and *Rentals*; I muſt tell *Thee*,
I pitty my poore *Commouns*, and their toile,
Made to new Vpſtarts and their greed a ſpoile.
How can my *Tennants* liue? How can they thriue?
How can they growing ſtand? When dead aliue,
Slane by oppreſſion, extortion, debate,
From Laird to Laird, in their *Camelion* State:
The *Tennants* ſuffer all, allace poore Soules!
Still preyd vpon, by *Bankerouts* and *Fooles*:
Then it's no wonder, though my land bee poore,
When now moſt *Land-Lords* play the errand whoore,
In ſhifting *Rents* and *Styles*, as many tymes,
As *Lais*, *Corinths* Strumpet did of crymes.
Beleeue Mee Sir, I feare this revocation,
Make many one revoke both ſtate and ſtation; *Revocation.*
My *Lords* they poſt vp dayly to thy *Court*,
And ly there Months and Yeares; and doe reſort

To *London*, as their Livings lay and Land,
In midſt of *Cheapſyde*, *Kingſtreete*, or the *Strand*:
My *Gentry* too and *Knights*, and oft *Commiſſioners*,
In this repenting exceſſe turne *Practitioners*:
Still vp and downe they make a play of Poſting,
And laugh at laviſh expence; fall a boaſting
Who oftеſt courts thy *Court*, whilſt here at home
Their *Wiues* and *Children* cry, when will they come?
Yea, yea, they come, but with an empty hand,
And to turne back, morgadging heere more land:
Wherein I vow, that *England* turnes a curſe
To mee, and my ſpent *Gentry*, and their Purſe.
I graunt their *Tongues* can make my *Gallants* ſpend,
And ſuck them dry, till all come to an end:
And why? cauſe in a *Rodomunto*, they
Play the *Orlando Furioſo* aye:
As well in humours, as in laviſh charges,
Which makes moſt femals weare ſuch skar-clift *Targes*,
Where deepeſt ſtrokes in ſtrugling force are given,
Till both Mens Ribs and Rigs are backward driven:
Whilſt the Defendants ſwallow vp ſuch meanes,
As Reapers doe, that both cut downe and gleanes:
Then in a word, its glutttonie and luſt,
That brings ſo many headlong to the duſt.
For now at eu'ry ſtartling peeviſh thing,
Iack, *Thome*, and *Robin* poſt vp to the *King*:
And will not to thy *Counſels judgement* ſtand,
Plac'd heere as *Lights*, the Sword of thy right hand,
To judge, if *Iudges*, judge aright or not,
And may declare on each ſiniſtruous Spot:
Which by thy ſelfe was done, and ſet a ſunder,
The *Counſell* plac'd aboue, the *Iudges* vnder:
But (Sir) I humbly beg, it were well done
To puniſh theſe diſtractions, out of tune,
And ſend them back, to cenſurd be, and ſtand,
Submiſſiue to the juſtice of this Land:

Els they will vexe *Thee*, and ſuch cuſtome bring,
That *Woemen* too will poſt vp to the *King*.
Then let an Act bee made, in my regard,
That neither *Lord*, nor *Earle*, *Knight*, nor *Laird*,
Shall poſt more vp to *London*, but remayne
At home, and ſpend their rents, where growes their graine:
And to ſuccumbe themſelues, and their debate,
Vnto the *Lords* and *Pillars* of my State:
For which, as duety owe, they being bund,
Poſting ſhall ceaſe, and Iuſtice here bee fund:
Nay I dare ſay, ſince thy late *Fathers* death,
His buriall, and his Funerall, in Faith,
There Millions two of gold from Mee tranſported,
And ſpent at *London*, where my *Gallants* ſported;
And leaue at home (GOD knowes) a threed bare count,
Which far beyond their yearelie rents ſurmount.
Then deare and tender Sir, let this bee ſtopt,
Thine abſence is enough, ſhould I bee lopt
From *Top* and *Middle*, to the naked root;
Whilſt from my *Commouns* all theſe moneys ſprout:
The *Merchand* hee complaines, the *Tradſ-man* mournes,
The *Tennant* ſore oppreſſd, in ſorrow turnes,
His helpleſe plaints; and I mongſt all muſt tremble,
To ſee myne owne bred brood with mee diſſemble.
Where are theſe late paſt dayes? when *Mars* ſurviu'd; *The decay of good houſe keeping.*
And *Nobles* keept good houſes, Servands liu'd,
Well horſd, well arm'd, well lou'd, well clothd, well fed,
And when my Lords with ſuch lyke troupes were cled:
O! there was plenty, and abundance too
Of eu'ry thing that Nature had to doe:
Then Lairds keept Courts, and eu'ry Lord at home
Liu'd lyke a *Prince*, or *Cardinall* of *Rome*;
Yea, and contract'd no debt, morgagd no land,
But wore the cloth their wiues wrought with their hand.
And now where Kitchins ſmoakd, good cheare hath beene,
There's cold and hunger, and bare walls now ſeene:

The

The reaſon why? their ſinnes procur'd GOD s wrath,
And brought deſtruction on themſelues with death.
How many ruind *Towers*, and waſt falne walls
Stand nameleſſe now, few know their ſtiles, and calls:
Heere ſtands *Caſtle blood*, and their *Caſtle pryde*;
Yonder *Caſtle oppreſſion*, and *luſt* beſide;
Heere *Caſtle Gluttonie*; there *Caſtle Oathes*;
Heere *Caſtle Falſhood*, *Inceſt* that neu'r loathes
Of *Caſtle Perjurie*; and lower downe
Stands *Deſolation* in a threed bare *gowne*:
And now, though moſt ſtand nameleſſe and vnknowne,
Yet by theſe *Verdicts* may their ſtiles bee ſhowne:
All which, though *Moderne*, ſome I haue as faſt,
Ryde poſt to *Nothing*, and can roaring waſt.

The vanitie of prodigals.

Now *Coatches*, *Cuntbotches*, *Luſt* and *Play*,
And vaine *Apparell*, rot their rents away:
In ſtead of ſerving Men, they now keep Lads,
To fetch them brow-lac'd *Whoores*, wrapt vp in Plads:
Els Boy-poſting newes, to goe prepare
Roome; for his Maſter, ſhortly will bee there:
Where, when abroad this gallant rydes alone,
With *Iack* his *Lacquey* neare him, trotting on:
Either to *Limbo* in the *Brothell-houſe*,
Els to the *Taverne* for a deep Carrouſe:
Where ſtraight to *Cards* and *Dyce* hee fly'th amayne,
And for advantage, leaues the houſe his gaine.

So, ſo, their ſcores of *Chaulders* and their *Bolles*
Are brought from *Mountaines* dowue to litle *Moles*:
They haue no deadly fead, that's gone of late,
But they're at deadly fead with their owne ſtate:
And care not for *Allyes*, *blood*, *wiues*, nor *friends*,
Kinred nor *bairnes*, ſaue their owne waſting ends:
Whoſe *Riggs* ſpeake *Engliſh*, and their ſalted *furres*,
Forgetting *Scots*, can ſpeek with gilded Spurres.

Lawyers.

So *Lawyers* ſeaze on part, and right it ſtands
For lawleſſe *Lairds* to haue Law-byding Lands:

And

And would the *Wrytters* too, could find lyke flaſhes,
But now the *Pen*, on *Paper* ſeldome daſhes:
I'ts ſtrange the *Tongue*, ſhould gaine more than the *Pen*?
And pleading better payd, then payneſull *Men*:
There's here, a *Labyrinth*, I'le not come in,
And for to bee obſequious, were a ſin:
But here I vow, they're happy thryſe and bleſt,
Who leaſt frequents them, liues at home in reſt:
Then *Lairds*, and *Lawyers*, *Scriuners* flock together,
They're blind that runne, a courſe they know not whether;
Ah! what makes now, my *Countrey* looke ſo bare?
Thus voyd of planting, *Woods* and, *Forreſts* fayre: *the want of planting*
Hedges, and *Ditches*, *Parks*, and cloſed grounds,
Trees, *Strips*, and *Shaws* in many fertile bounds:
Bnt onely that the *Land-Lords*, ſet their Land,
From yeare, to yeare, and ſo from hand to hand;
They change and flit their *Tennants* as they pleaſe,
And will not giue them *Leaſſe*, *Taks*, *Tymes*, nor eaſe,
To proſper and to thryve; for if they ſhould,
As ſoone they thruſt them, out of houſe and hould:
And hee who bids moſt farme, ſtill gets the Roome,
Whilſt one aboue anothers head do'th come:
Or els to rayſe his rent, or kiſſe the Doore,
This is the cauſe, my *Commons*, liue ſo poore,
And ſo the *Peaſants*, can not ſet nor plant
Woods, *Trees*, and *Orchards*, which my *Valleyes* want,
But leaue *Mee* halfe deformd, ſo they're diſtreſſd:
And by their greedy *Maſters*, ſtill oppreſſd:
Then now to ſuccour this, the onely way,
Is, that their farmes were brought, to penny pay,
And leaſſes let at large, for yeares or lyves,
Failling the *Huſbands*, to their liuing Wyves:
To *Heyers* or *Friends*, and when their Tackes declyne,
To bee renewd againe; paying their Fyne,
And yearely moneyes: then the *Lord* or *Laird*,
Hee needes not of a doubtfull yeere regard:

So *England*, and *Ireland*, all *Europe's* brought,
To leaſſe and penny-rent, but victuall nought,
Then might poore *Tennants* thryve, ſet, build, and plant,
And bee relieu'd with that, which now they want,
And till ſuch tyme, this Land can never bee,
Brought from the jawes, of willfull povertie,
As for my *Tythes*, which Nobles moſt recoyle,
The wrong full vſe of Tythes It is another grieuance, to my *Soyle*,
Should *Tythes* belong to *Laicks*? ſhould Church rent?
Bee giv'n to temp'rall *Lords*; by *Gods* intent,
Tythes were for *Leuits*; not for *Haulks* nor *Hounds*;
Nor no reward, of *Sycophanting* ſounds.
Tythes may bee calld *Gods* rent, and they pertaine
Still to his *Prieſts*, his ſervice to maintaine,
The very *Turkes* and *Mahometan* leyes,
Allot their *Daruiſhes*, religious feyes,
Yea, ſauage *Sabuncks*, of *Lybia*, the odde,
As *Tythes* they dote, to ſerue their *Garlick God*:
Then how much more, ſhould Trueth to meanes bee placd,
When brutiſh *Ignorants*, are ſo imbracd:
Nay more then *Clergy*, *Tythes* ſhould too ſuſtayne,
My *Seminary Schooles* with yeerely grayne:
My *Colledges* decay, they haue no rent,
More then the *Schollers* bring, for boording meant:
Thus *Learning* goes to ruyne, Books grow skant,
Meanes they haue none, and maintenance they want,
There is no gayne, nor no preferment neither,
Now following learning, nor deſert, but rather,
The greateſt *Dunſſe*, if rich, is ſooneſt plac'd,
And rareſt *Schollers*, lacking meanes defac'd,
Thus *Airts* grow *Airtles*, wit repyning wit,
When *Aſſes* muſt in *Lyons Cabines* ſit.
Tythes too ſhould build bleſt *Hoſpitals*, and doe
Erect *Schooles*, *Bridges*, and ſuſtaine them too:
But where they ſhould doe good, they doe moſt ill,
Being abuſ'd by vſe, and corrupt will,

For (Sir,) take heed, what greef is this and croſſe?
To my poore *Commouns*, and a yearely loſſe;
That when their *Cornes* are ſhorne, ſtoukd, dead, and dry.
They can not get them teinded; Nay; and why?
Some grudge or malice, moves deſpight to wound,
The hopefull *Haru'ſt*, and rot their *Cornes* on ground,
This is no rare thing, on their *Stowks* thats ſeene,
Snow-coverd *Tops*, below they're graſſ-growne greene,
Which often breeds great famyne, and great skant,
And plagues my *Commouns*, with a Heart-broke want.
For which they grieue, in this long deformation,
And hope to haue from *Thee*, a reformation:
Which GOD may grant, and bleſſe thy judgment too,
For to conſidder, what *Oppreſſours* doe.
So, ſo. reclayme them, deale them at thy pleaſure,
For GOD and godlyneſſe and for thy Treaſure.
Which being in thine hand, and then to farme
Them back on *Lords*; will bread a double harme,
For worſe, and worſe. my *Commouns* ſhall bee croſt,
And all thy good intentions, therein loſt:
Then let my *Tythes*. be brought to money rent.
For *Thee*, from *Land-Lord*, and the poore *Tenuent*:
So may they ſheare, and lead, and ſtakke their *Corne*,
At Mid-night, Midday, afternoone, or Morne,
Which ſhall bee their advantage and my gayne,
When *Barnes*, and *Yards*. are fill'd with tymely grayne,
I haue ſome *Sycophants* ly at thy *Court*,
Diſturbers of my peace, and there reſort,
Still hatching of miſchiefe; projecting ends,
Which to my *Countreyes* ruine onely tends:
And though they burrowd, *Lyfe*, *Lands*, *Birth* and *Blood*,
Of *Mee*, they're ſtill repaying ill for good:
For having ſpent their meanes, ſo now their braynes,
They ſpend in forging of ſeditious ſtraynes:
Still this, or that devyſing, runne ſuch courſes,
That for their croſſes, they're repayd, with curſes.

 Nay;

Nay; I muſt call them, *Bandits, Rebells* bred,
And *Fugitiues*, from *jure Pœna* fled:
Then, then, (dread Sir) take heed, ſuch *Snakes* may ſting,
And wound the judgment of a prudent *King*.

Valuation As for this *Valuation* who can tell?
Whats meant thereby? or can my *Preachers* well,
With one out of each *Pariſh*; lay the ground,
What euery Land is worth, or may be found:
No; no, its labour loſt, and I pray *God*,
Wee bee not ſcourgd for it, by his juſt rod:
A leſſer fault, then this made *Iſraell* quake,
When *David* of his *People* count would make.
But value, ſtock, and brock, Tythes, fruites and all,
the viciſſi- God muſt giue encreaſe, or the reckning fall.
tude of So *Tymes*, vntymely haue their tyme miſpent.
tymes. On baſe *Ingratitude*, and bounty ſhent:
Whats worth, without wealth? merit without Loue?
Birth without Vertue? greatnes without *Iove*?
Bairnes without duetye, Parents, without care?
Friends without Credit? Towne without repayre?
Lyfe without Learning? Servants without paynes?
Faith without good works? Comerce without gaynes?
Hope without repentance? Wit without Reaſon?
Greefe without Patience? Mirth out of ſeaſon?
Command without Pow'r? *Prince* without People?
State without gouernment? Church without Steeple?
Preachers without rent? Poets but reward?
Rich Men without rueth? Honour but regard?
Judges without Iuſtice? Agents but fees,
Clarks without decreets? *Lawyers* without pleas?
Tillage without ſoyle? Trafficque without peace?
Grace without godlynes? Sheep without fleece?
Pryde without puiſſance? Loue vnles acquent?
Wyves without Children? wealth without Content?
All which are toyles, loſt labour, loſt in vayne,
And drudging care, for profit without gayne.

Diſcordant

Diſcordant things ſtill contrare ends oppoſe.
The cauſe not the effect, wee ſhould ſuppoſe:
So *Fates* agree; ſo accidents and *Clymes*,
Conclude, this age, muſt ſee ſuch woefull *Tymes*
So *Grammer Schooles* are ruynd, Learning rare, *The decay of Schooles*
Boords are ſo deare, and Stipends waxe ſo bare;
That good houſe-houlders, Country-men I ſpy,
Can hardly boord their *Bairnes* abroad, and why?
Broughs are ſo fingring; *Schoole-Maſters* ſo needy;
Lore at ſuch rate, and *Victuallers* ſo greedy;
That now moſt *Bairnes*, with Sheep, and Ploughs are found,
Which makes ſo many *Ignorants* abound,
With Ruſtick Caryage; Manners harſh and rude,
And decent Comlynes, is quite ſeclude:
For what makes Nature, civill myld and meek?
Kynd wyſe, affable, gentle, ſlow to ſpeek?
But good education: well bred, well taught,
In *Morall* Precepts, and divynely fraught,
With learned *Wiſdome*: whence diſcretion flowes,
And Vnderſtanding too: for Learning growes,
To bee the light of Nature; and I fynd,
Its the ornament, of a pregnant Mynd:
And though it were, but for to read, and wryte,
It is a needfull vſe; and yeelds delyte,
To euery good *Conception*; giues direction,
To know aright, and ſo ſerues for correction,
And thus the *Ruther*, which behauiour rules,
Though graft in Nature, is refynd by *Schooles*.
So would to GOD, in tyme a courſe were tane,
That *Schooles*, and *Schollers*, were repayrd againe,
Another great abuſe, is this that when, *Rebells.*
Men runne in *Suretyſhip* for other Men;
Or els morgadgd in debt; yet will not pay.
Their *Creditors*, nor thy juſt Lawes obey:
But ſcorning, horning, Caption Rebells turne;
And in deſpight of Pow'r, all where ſojourne.

Arm'd

Arm'd with *Rebellion, Piſtols, Sword and Dagger,*
Threatning to kill, they roare it out, and ſwagger:
They boaſt their *Creditours,* and plague the Poore,
Even rambling through, beſt Townes, from doore to doore,
Whilſt neither *Shrieue,* nor *Iuſtice* will lay hould,
Vpon theſe *Rebells*: nay; although they could,
They will not, why? ſome one reſpect or other,
Dryve in delayes, whilſt they thy Lawes downe ſmother.
And thus this Land, is ouer runne and croſt,
With lawles *Bankerouts* and *Iuſtice* loſt.
Some newly broke, as ciuill *Cheaters* doe,
Banke-routs. Guard *Barwick,* and makes *Barwick* guard them too
It ſtill keeps *Garriſon,* all Men may ſee
In ſtead of *Souldiers,* now fled *Spendthrifts* bee:
This border Towne, lyke to that ſeat of *Rome,*
From Sword and Spoyle, to couſenage is come;
The one abſolving ſin: the other debt,
Though neither can nor could, ſuch freedome get:
Nay; *Barwick,* jumps with *Rome,* in more then this,
Slaughter, Adultry, Inceſt, whats amiſſe?
In ciuill Law, or *Church,* it will protect them,
Though *Iuſtice Vengeance,* crying ſins detect them,
Then who ſhould curbe, this ſheltring? or reſtrayne it?
The diſ-honeſt a-buſe of fu-gitiue ma-riages. But thou gainſt whom, and thy lawes they maintaine it.
There's too of late a new eclipſd miſcaryage,
But rather ane abuſe, of honeſt marryage:
For now young perſons, fauncyeing other loues,
Without conſent of Parents (thus it proues)
Or of their paſtors approbation, neither
Of Towne nor Pariſh, nay, of Friend or Father;
Away they goe to *England*; there they're marryed,
And ſometymes too, lyke Partyes turne miſcaryed
Where fayling of Church rites, this yoke they draw,
That lawles Loue, may be made loueles Law.
For if the *Engliſh Preeſt,* be not *Palmeſtrat,*
He will not marry, they turne *Ambodextrat:*

How

How can like Nuptialls ſtand, and ſtand with reaſon.
Although the preeſt conjoynes them: O! what treaſon?
Of fugitive deceat, is this to ſee.
When mine owne brood, from my kynd bowells flee,
From Parents loue, from lawfull Paſtors pow'r,
For to be matchd by ſtealth: and would devoure,
Religion into ſhame; whilſt thou baſe Preiſt,
Turnes back from being Preacher, to a Beaſt;
What canſt thou ſay, if ſuch inceſtuous be?
Els vyld Adultrers, brand with infamie,
Or els betrothd to others; at which tyme,
Perhaps lyable to ſome criminall cryme;
And dares thou brand thy ſelfe, and marryage ſtayne,
For one poore peece of gold, for three, or twayne,
Nay; as by vnlawfullnes, they come to it,
Euen as vnlawfull, art thou call'd, to doe it,
O! *Prelats* then, and *Iudges* of this *Land!*
Which both for *Church*, and *State* ſhould juſtly ſtand.
Away with this, O let ſuch Nuptialls bee!
Hel'd as injuſt, and puniſhd rigrouſly.

Concea'd money.

Now for conceald Moneyes, I dare proteſt,
The ſearching of them, breeds a commoun Peſt;
The *Purcifant*, he goes abroad to ſummond,
Thome, *Will*, and *Dick*, the heard ſcarce worth a *Dunmond*,
This *Ambodextrat* Villane, he warnes All,
Before the *Exchequer*; and if they fayle,
A penaltye enſues; els fill his hand
Or goe for *Edinburgh*, where come they ſtand,
Waiting, and waiting to be try'd and heard,
The *Meſſinger* he comes not; they're debard.
From audience and diſmiſſd: and thus they're croſt,
With paynes great charges, and their labour loſt,
Then judge great *Sir*, and yee my *Iudges*, judge,
If this and lyke, wracks not the Ploughing *Drudge*,
For *Chamberlanes*, *Baillyes and Lairds Court Clarkes*,
I ſee the Projects, of their ſubtile warks:

The

The first they sat themselues, by greed by stealth.
And out of ruyne, worke their *Mynes* of wealth,
Bringing most Lords to nought, els in such debt,
That they're not able, out of it to get:
The *Baillie* oft makes crooked the right causes.
Takes from both *Factions* brybes; with fals forgd clauses
will haue deceat calld trueth; if not the *Baillie*,
Will make the *Plaintives* part, a double Faillie:
The *Clarks* exaction all, they will haue feyes,
Payd and repayd for Acts, although but leyes,
Then help these faults, yee *Earles*, *Lords*, and *Knights*,
And let Domestick Servants, rule your rights,
Yea serious, bee your selues to take a count,
Of all your dewtyes, as your *Fathers* wount:
So shall your States, and Rents, encrease and stand,
And poore *Oppressd ones* freed from Factors hand,

Transporting of Cattell.

As for my *Kyne* and *Cattell*, they're transported,
And *Sheep*, with *Gallowedian* Nages consorted,
To all the *English* quarters, heere and there,
Leauing my fields, halfe destitute, and bare,
Of their wont plenty and aboundance great,
Of all kind *Bestiall*; that content could get,
But see this droving, and this caryeing out,
Makes flesh both scarce and deare, all where about;
That now few houses great or small are kept,
As they were wont, being thus of *Cattell* stript:
And if it were not, for good store of fish,
There many Mouths, would find an emptie *Dish*:
Then cause this (Sir) be helpd by strait restraint,
To quench the murmure, of a gen'rall plaint,

Now come I to my *Cornes* my *Wheat* and *Talloun*,
Myne *Yarne*, *Liming-Cloth*, *Oyle* many a galloun;
Salmon, *Salt*, *Herrings*, *Killing*, *Sethes*, and *Colle*,
With *Skin*, and *Hyde*, transported still to *Polle*:
Of which I grant there's some, might spared bee,
For mutuall *Commerce*, and *Commoditie*:

But

But for my *Wheat* my *Talloun* and my *Hyde*,
Let them be fenſſ'd, within my ſelfe to byde,
That *Leather* growing cheap, Woemen may weare,
More fyner Shoes, for *Leather* now is deare,
And ſo is tawning, Tawners haue ſuch croſſes,
With taxd *Gabelloes*; miſerable loſſes,
I will not here inſiſt, although I could,
Lay open this inflictiõ, as I ſhould,
But ſince the maner, makes the meane ſo plaine,
I'le ſtryke no deeper, in a bleeding veyne.
Tranſporting of Cornes
And ſhould my Cornes be caryed to thy foes,
For foure or fyve Mens ends; ſhould gen'rall woes,
Be ſowne abroad this *Kingdome*; ſhould Dearth, be rayſ'd?
When wee haue equall plenty. *God bee prayſ'd*:
Fy, fy, on ſinfull greed! O ſhameles blot!
That *Merchands*, would haue dearth, when GOD will not:
Nay they will pay before hand, rayſe the pryce,
For which my *Lords*, approue them in their vyce:
And why? becauſe they gayne; but ah alas?
The *Tennents* left, into a woefull cace:
Thus *Pollicie* breads famine, and baſe greed,
Brings wealth to *Churles*, to my *Commouns* need,
Then (*Royall Sir*) prefer my *Commounweale*,
Aboue curſd *Miſers*, never truely deale:
And for tranſporting Cornes, let Acts be made,
Hence forth they may at home, bee ſtopd, and ſtay'd.
There other Towne-bred *Merchands* too, I know,
Diſembling puritanicall merchands.
Vnder a peeuiſh, *Puritanick* ſhow,
Of yea, and nay. forſooth its ſo, and ban not,
Its good, the Pryce is ſmall, cheaper I can not,
Would weigh a Mans purſe, with his Lyfe and worſe,
With fals *Hipocriſie*, themſelves they curſe:
When neither *Conſcience*, *Religion*, nor *Trueth*,
They more reſpect, than *Harlotes*, do of Youth.
But ſerving *Tymes*, they ſerve their ends; and why?
For gayne they ſell, and for to gayne they buy:

By hook, and Crook, they care not; for deceat,
Is all the Miſtreſſe, of their vpſtart State,
Fals weights, fals meaſures, falſhood ev'ry way,
Abound; and Couſenage, turnes Merchand pay,
He's now the wiſeſt Man, that can deceaue,
His *Nighbour*, though he play the errand Knave,
Faſtning their wit, on guyle they make their drift,
Trayne fraudlent craft, to court, each *Catchpole* ſhift,
Whilſt neither Law, nor Reaſon, they regard,
Till death tranſport them, to their laſt reward.

The ſpoyle of Youth.

Now where are all my robuſt *Gallants?* where,
Are my *Bellona-Threatners*, doe, and dare?
Nay; here's the very Quintiſſence, of trueth,
That Peace, and Idlenes, haue ſpoyld my Youth.
With *Cards* and *Drunkenneſſe*, laſhivious *Luſt*:
And all *Prophanenes*, ſwearing and diſtruſt:
That now their Bodyes, are not half ſo ſtrong,
As Nature lent them, to giue or free wrong:
And growne effeminat, weare *Woemens* loks,
Freize-hanging combd, o're Shoulders, Necks, and Cloks;
That many doubt, if they bee *Mayds*, or *Men*,
Till that their *Beards* ſprout foorth, and then they ken:
And yet their ſhame, hangs ſtill about their *Heads*,
Whilſt ſhaking Hayre, approue their fooliſh deeds,
Saint *Paul* forbids it, and hee tells them playne,
In doing which they're more, then ſhameles vayne;
And *Abſaloms Lyfe*, hayre-hung, betwene two Trees,
Might be a *Cauiat*, for ſuch vanities:
For Manly exercife, is ſhreudly gone,
Foot-ball and Wreſtling throwing of the Stone:
Iumping and breathing, practiſes of Strength,
Which taught them to endure, hard things at length.

The abuſe of Tobacco

And now *Tobacco*, that baſe ſtinking weed,
That *Indian* witchcraft, ſmoaking in their head;
Turnes *Virile Acts*, and delicat diſcourſe,
To Pot, and Pypes, reciprocall recourſe:

Nay

Nay; they're ſo bent, though when its ſpent to flaſhes,
They'le ſmoake it out, even Aſſes, ſucking Aſhes,
It was a damn'd devyce, a fatall curſe,
To honeſty, and health, and to the Purſe,
It ſpoyles their *Memory*, and blinds their ſight,
Dryes vp the moiſture of the carnall *Wight*:
It ſmarts the brayne, and ſtupifiy'th the Wit,
Benumbes the ſenſe, and here's the plague of it;
Moſt braueſt Mynds, turnes *Coxcombs*, *Fooles* and *Sots*,
And now more ſlayne thereby, then my beſt *Scots*.
For in a word, it is a drunken feaſt,
Depraving Man of ſenſes, turnes him beaſt:
Some *Students* too, deſerue to haue a daſh,
For they can let it flee, ſmoake, flame, and flaſh,
And meane while wring out from Inventions brayne,
Some curious *Sermon*, in a whiffing ſtrayne,
And ſo can *Nobles*, *Gentry*, *Ploughmen* too,
Each glory to doe that, which others doe.
Some take it for the faſhion, ſome for Rheume,
Some for the Tooth-ach, others for the fleume:
Some for the Head-ake, ſome for Melancholy.
Some for to ſharp their wits, and baniſh folly:
Some for their Pallet, in their warbling throt,
Some for good fellowſhip, to Pype and pot:
Some to qnench Anger, ſome to put off tyme,
And ſome exceſſively, make vſe a cryme,
Some *Rodomuntoes*, take it roaring downe,
And then rebelch it, lyke a ſpewing *Clowne*:
Some eate and chaw it, letting downe the juice,
And others ſteep it, for an open Sluce:
Some ſnuff, and ſneize it, and convert in duſt,
This greene *Negotian* leaf, in blak ſpent luſt,
Some hungerbit, or Stomack-ſick at leaſt,
Convert *Tobacco*, in *Duke Umphraes* feaſt:
Caſting *Barmudoes*, in *Virginian* blocks,
They lock *Verinzes* in, with Venting Knocks,

And ſome when drunk, to make them ſober mynded,
Till both their ſenſe, and ſobernes grow blinded:
Then here's the ſlaurye, of this ſlabby ſin,
Another Pype, another Pot, brings in:
The one bene ſpent, the other not they call,
For each of either, as their turnes may fall,
Whoſe *Strombolizing Noſethrills*, *Ætna* faces,
Makes halting *Vulcan*, change his *Lemnian* places,
To build his *Forge*, on foule *Cymberian* veynes,
Dying in blak, their Bowells, *Guts*, and braynes,
Whilſt apprehenſion, makes their fond conceat,
To waſt their bodyes, aud exhauſt their State.
Some *Ladyes* too, haue head-akes in their Toes
And for remeed, takes *Phiſick* at their Noſe:
Some ſuck it ſtinkingly, and with diſtaſt,
And yet forſooth, they take it to liue chaſt,
Mixt with *Perfumes*, and Oyles, ſweet Seeds, and ſnuff,
They ſwallow downe, in gluts this *Pagane* ſtuff,
Wreſting another taſt, then Nature can,
Lyke to their paynted *Cheekt*, deceauing Man;
Some for the *Chollick*; ſome for belly-ake,
And ſome do loue amayne, the *Pype* to take,
That now moſt female, *Ladyes* of each ſort:
Doe make of *Pypes*, and *Vapour* but a ſport.
Yet I confeſſe, its far more kyndlyer too,
For Woemen to ſuck *Pypes*, then Men to do:
The one is Naturall, though oft abuſd,
The other in neither, to bee excuſd:
And laſt of all, *Tobacco*, I deſyne,
To be the *Tuba Bachi*, *God*, of wyne,
Inviting *Drunkards*, cluſtring every where?
To ſwagger, ſweare, deboſh, an d revell care.

Againſt the wearing of Plaids.

And I could wiſh, that *Edinburgh* would mend!
This ſhameles cuſtome, which none can commend:
Should *Woemen* walke lyke *Sprits*? ſhould *Woemen* weare,
Their *Winding-ſheets* alyue? wrapt vp I ſweare,

From

From head to foote in *Plads*: lyke *Zembrian Ghoſtes*;
Which haunt in Groaues, and *Shades*; lyke *Fayry Hoſtes*,
Or winter wandring Wreaths: Baſe masked Whoores,
Buskd lyke *Callabrian Witches*; *Skin-clungd Moores*;
With fyre-ſcorching Tayles; *Æthereall Wights*,
Or Nightly *Eremies*, that nev'r delights;
But lyke curſd *Fiends* in darknes; being the trick,
Of *Turkiſh Courtezans*, and to bee quick,
Of *Mercenary Harlots*; Now baſe *Iads*,
Muſt Candle-light bee viewd; O! ſin-worne *Plads*,
With *Drunkennes*, and *Whoredome*: who can avow?
This beaſtly *Habit*; *Towne*, I ſpeeke to you.
Looke to your Streets, at night ſee how they flock?
Lyke buriall-busked *Bedlers*; and provoke,
Good goers by to gaze, yea, often ſtand,
Till they inveſt them, with a Shouldring hand:
Where is their puniſhment? where is good order?
Where civill comelynes? O to what border?
Is honeſty now fled; When thus I ſee,
That richeſt, *Wyues*, with *Harlots* masked bee:
For in a word there's none, twixt both can judge,
In ſhow, the *Matrone*, from the commoun Drudge:
Then as the *Hangman*, had late pow're to mend it,
The *Gallows* or the *Borrough-Loch* muſt end it.
My Land is to ſurchargd, with curſing evill,
Diuell take the lears, the whole-ware ſtill the Diuell;
Fiend a bit, *Fiend* take you, the *Diuell*, an inch!
Diuell take them, *Soule* and *Body*; there's a pinch:
How *Diuell* doe you? the *Diuell* to you that ſpeeres,
And ſome curſe *Heaven*, and *Hell*, and by them ſweares,
Some curſing make, conditionall diverſion,
Diuell take *Mee*, *God* ſaue all; O? there's reverſion?
That even the *Chyld*, the firſt word it can mumble,
Is *Diuell*, *Diuell*. *Diuell*; ſo *Babes* begin to ſtumble,
And why? cauſe *Parents* ban; the Servands tongue,
Spew curſes forth corrupting, old and young,

The abuſe of banning & curſing.

But ah! poore *Wretches!* what a curſe of euill?
Is this at ev'ry word, to name the Diuell:
This, this, and lyke, makes now this *Ile* abound,
With *Helliſh Snakes*, for Diuells allwhere are found:
There's nether *Ruſſia Lituan*, or *Leif Land*,
Norway, North *Swaine*, my *North Iles*, nor *Lapland*,
Can yeeld moe *Witches*, *Warloks*, *Charmers* too,
Then my *Mayne Lands*, even at this preſent do:
And though that ſome be brunt, there hundreths moe,
I hope ere long, ſhall through the fyre goe.
For tyme and tryall, earneſt care may make,
The Diuell to vaniſh, and his ſervants quake:
Then leaue your banning, and your curſing words;
For *Yea*, and *Nay*; the happyeſt ſpeach affords.

Againſt Coles and Witches.

But now belyke the *Colles*, this happy yeare,
By burning *Witches*, are growne wondrous deare,
And ſo they are, but ſure the *Flemings* make it,
Although the *Commouns*, commounly miſtake it:
But if my *Colles* to impoſts, ones were put,
They ſoone would ſtay, the *Hollanders* were ſhut:
Yet *Colles* and *Witches* haue a nearer vnion,
Firſt here by vſe, then hence by dark communion:
Some *Colles* are fund, in Earths profoundeſt Cell,
Which *Colliers* hould adjacent neare to Hell:
And will not let, blynd *Limbus* ly betwene,
For *Colliers* haue in darknes, *Lynx*-bred eyne:
Where ſometymes they, with *Stygian* ſtreames are croſt,
Throwne downe to *Lethe*, in oblivion loſt:
Whence *Colles*, bene Nyghbours next, to *Plutoes Pit*,
Are ſent as *Meſſingers*, from gaping it:
To hurle downe below, with poſting fyre,
Theſe damn'd *Gehennists*, to their endles hyre:
Thus *Hell* and *Witches*, *Diuells*, and *Warloks* bee,
Linkd in with *Colles*, in hot affinitie:
Which GOD may grant! long may their vnion ſtand,
Till *Witchcraft* quyte, be rooted from this *Land*,

For

For cheating *Brockers*, and curſd *Uſrers* they,
Iu eu'ry Towne, and Corner, beare great ſwey:
They're *Money-Mongers*, and they know tymes, ſlaurye
When need brings Vertue, halting to their knavery:
The *Brocker*, muſt haue Pawnes, and double Pawnd;
And cares not for no caution, writ, nor Hand.
But quarterly, monthly, by week, or day,
Muſt haue the *Gabelle*, of his cheating pay:
Els fayling of the Tyme, off goes the Pawne,
And thus is povertie, in bondage drawne.

Againſt Brockers.

The *Uſrer* will take ſuretye, Bonds, and Bills,
Or els *Morgadgement*, at diſpoſers wills:
For ſyſtene a hundreth, yea, ſometymes twenty,
And fills his *Coffers*, with ſuch ill wonne Plenty:
Yea, lets it all runne on, till day and date,
Be long expyrd; and than to rayſe his State,
Out flies horning, Caption, ſenſing Commands,
Impriſonment; or els compryſing *Lands*.
Whilſt the diſtreſſd *Debter*, reſts pinchd, or ſlayne,
Vnder the crueltye, of this *Tigers* gayne:
O! miſerable wealth! O! wretched greed!
That eats the very bowells, out of need:
But for to mend this, whilſt they're plaguing fangd,
The *Brocker* ſhould be ſcourgd, the *Uſrer* hangd.

Againſt Vſurers.

There's to a needfull *Cauiat*, I'le ſet forth,
For eu'ry *Noble Lord*, and *Man* of worth,
For *Biſhops*, *Preachers*, euery towne, and place,
Where vagabounding *Greeks*, vſe now to trace,
Deluding and deceauing you, with leyes.
And *Teſtimonials* fals; baſe forgeryes.
Of blynd inveiglings; making you beleeue,
They muſt their wives, their Bairnes, or friends releiue;
From ſlauerye, and from thraldome; by *Turks* there tane,
Either in *Greece*, in *Aſia*, *Iles*, or *Mayne*
Whom they would haue redeemd; from bondage brought.
And Ranſomes payd, for what diſſembling wrought.

Concerning vagabonding Greeks.

But:

But I assure Thee, as GOD liues in Heauen,
There's no such matter; nether are they driuen,
To any such distresse; my reason's here,
The *Greeks*, vnder the *Turke*, borne eu'ry where;
Haue freedome peace, and safety; liue as free,
As any Subjects heere, can, or may bee:
For now the *Turke*, being *Lord*. and they too sworne,
How can he thrall them, they his *Subjects* borne:
Nay; neither *Tythes* of Children, *Female Dote*,
They pay more now, for *Achmet*, rent that lot;
Yet when they payd them both, their lyues and Lands.
Were then as free, as ours are in our hands.
And far les for *Religion*, can they bee,
Exyld or thrald, or els where, forced to flee:
Whilst there's libertie of *Conscience* giuen,
To *Greeks* and all kynd *Christianes* vnder Heaven,
Through all his large *Dominions*: want nought els,
Saue onely this, the vse of ringing Bells:
Nay I vow God; they liue more free of cares,
Vnder their Lords, then Myne do vnder theirs:
Then be no more deceau'd; recall tymes past!
How *Greeks*, haue gulld you, goulding them so fast,
But if you will bee fooles, when knaves thus passes?
Yee merit what they make you, *Dolts* and *Asses*.

The flatry of Hostillaries.

My *Hostes*, and *Hostesses*, in every house,
Can make their *Guests* so welcome they'le carrouse:
With merryment and laughter; tell a Tale,
Of *Robin Hood*, and *Wallace*; make their Ale,
Flee out of Pynts in Quarts: but being come,
To whats to pay? the *Hostesse* beats the *Drumme*!
Vp, vp, *Good-man*; away; there's one in haist!
Must speeke with you, Come? fy, he's almost past,
The *Host* thus gone, the honest *Guest* must stay,
And for *Thome Tratler*, all the reckning pay.

The scarcity of small Moneyes.

So now, my Coyning-house, doth idle stand,
And there no Pictures, stampd with Irne nor hand:

There

There are no moneyes going, nor golden collours,
Saue *Dutch*, and *Holland*, *Saxone*, *Auſtrian* dollours:
Now all are *Dollors*; *Dollors* ought can doe,
And when they want them, they haue *Dollours* too:
For but them, with them, *Dollors* frequent be,
Dollors in want, and *Dollers* when they flee:
But worſt, ther's no ſmall money can bee had,
Nor change for gold or ſilver; Men are made
Often for lack of change, to leaue, or loſſe
Whole, half, or part, of their twyſe Dollourd droſſe:
Men can not buy nor ſell; Men can not barter;
And *Hoſtlaries* ſmart too in eu'ry quarter.
So *Charity* is curbd; Men can not giue
Their Almes, that would faine the poore relieue:
Then (Sir) there's *Copper*, *Copper* too is cheap,
Grieue not thy government, nor Moneyes keep,
Of ſo ſmall valew, from thy *Commouns* hand,
Which ſtill breeds wealth, and *Commerce* in my Land:
In this both *Spaine*, and *Italy* are bleſt,
With *France* and *Germany*, and *Holland* beſt;
Where moſt part of their moneys are in braſſe,
And freely too from hand to hand do paſſe:
Then (Sir) cauſe coyne, *Plaks*, *Acheſons*, and *Turners*;
Ought will ſuffice to ſtop the mouths of *Mourners*.

The abuſes of diverſe offices falſly intitulated Lords.

Now eu'ry office beares the name of Lord,
And honour much injurd by wrong record:
Firſt then, for Lords of Seſſion, none ſhould be
Call'd Lords for no reſpect, of what degree;
Saue onely two, *Lord Chauncelor* for his place,
And the *Lord Preſident*; the reſt I trace
But worſhipfull and reverend, they're no more,
All *Europe* with the lyke, the lyke decore;
And next my *Shrieue*, by heritage, or yeare,
Muſt be call'd Lordſhip, els he will not heare:
Then there's Lord *Provoſt* plac'd in eu'ry towne,
And *Iack* made Lord was yeſterday a clowne:

Yea, ſome-where there's Lord *Baillie*, and Men muſt
Vpon his Sheep-drawne ſhaddow Lordſhip thruſt:
So *Deanes of Gild* are Lords; O Burges boords!
Whilſt Towne and Church *Treaſurers* too are Lords;
And yet their Lordſhips in a commoun tale,
Can mixe their graue diſcourſe with Pynts of Ale.
Some Kirks and Colledges afford I ſee
Lord *Rector*, Lord *Archdeane*, Lord how do yee?
So alſo is Lord *Lyon* grauely Lorded,
Who more for worth than ſtile, is here recorded:
Next, there Lord *Doctor* of the ſhyting Potion,
Who for ſome *recipe*, (not for devotion)
Muſt be palmeſtrat, with red imag'd Ore,
For which his Lordſhip thanks the good *grandgore*.
In comes Lord *Commiſſer*, and he proteſts
For *Clyents* and decreets, whilſt yet, there reſts
Some fatall Teſtments, which he muſt recall,
To be confirmed, then thanks death for all:
Then there's Lord *Conſtable* with his Nights Crue;
Of frozen *Buſſards*, that will call on you,
Come to the Lord *Conſtable*, come, or go
To priſon; ſpeek, what ſay you? yea; or no;
The *Paſſenger*, before his greatneſſe come,
One ſingle quart will ſtryke his Lordſheep dombe.
And laſt, to Lord them all, there are *Trone Lords*,
Which beare ſad *Burdens*, bund with rops and cords,
That ſometimes ſerue the *Hangman*, Scaffolds make
For execution, and for juſtice ſake:
All which are Lords; of diverſe ranks each Creature,
Even from the judges to the ſcume of Nature:
But if that any Kingdome can afford,
In all the world, the like name of a *Lord*;
I'le be content to pawne my *Pilgrimes* lyfe,
For he beſt knowes how to decyde ſuch ſtryfe:
Yet *anagram* me Lordes, O now take heed!
And yee ſhall find my Lords turne *drols* indeed:

And

And ſo moſt are, (both *Colledges* exceptd)
And true *Lord Barons*, falſly interceptd
By *Ruffian* Fopperyes; which corruption brings,
On Noble ſtiles, not given them of *Kings*;
Which if it be not help'd, whats more ado?
But ſtile my *Pilgrime*, LORD TRAVELLER *too.*

The ruyne of Caſtles and Sea Ports.

As for my *Caſtles*, and my *Marine Ports*,
The firſt decay, the other, they want ſorts:
Would *Leith*, *Inchkeith*, and *Maij*, were ſconſd and block'd,
As for *Dunbertane* it is ſtongly rock'd:
But more by *Nature*, than by *Airt* I ſee,
Whoſe mouldrlng walls brought low, defective be:
Which if thine eyes ſurveigh, Thou'll cauſe amend it,
And for its ſituat ſtrength (doubtles) commend it:
Blaknes that Dungeon muſt be ſtill kept dry,
Leaſt with the levell ground it ſwaking ly:
Yet ſtately *Snadoun*, *Strivelings* Caſtelld beauty,
It ſtill reſerues for *Thee* a thankfull duety:
Yea; if when need, a fort of great *Defence*,
Whence linking *Forth*, *Meander*-crook'd, runnes thence.
As for thy *Pallace*, LITHGOVV, *Fawlkland* too,
And *Halyrude-houſe*, Manſions, when ado;
Though now well kept, I ſeare long abſence may,
Turne thine *Aunceſtors* Stations to decay:
And no great wonder, how can they abide?
When *Thou* and *Thine* ſhall els where ſtill reſyde:
For *Edinburghs* fortreſſe it ſtoutely ſtands,
High-tip-toe rockd, o'relooking Sea and Lands:
Where *Iames* the Iuſt, of bleſt renowne, thy *Syre*,
Was borne, and got the Crowne of this *Empyre*.
Would *Soundbroughhead*, in *Zetland* were intrenchd,
And *Skalloway*, neare *Laxford* too reflanchd;
And that *Orcadian Kirkwall*, eke rampierd,
With *Cafaſound*, that harbour much admir'd:
Then would theſe Iles, Septentrion fafer bee,
When made defenſiue gainſt the *Hoſtile Sea*:

But for moſt other parts, few can offend them,
Sea-ſandy Shelfs, and Craggy Coaſts defend them:
As for my weſterne Iles, they need no hould;
Each Ilander himſelfe is Bulwark bould:
Yet (Sir) looke to it, leaſt my *Forts* decay,
And theſe thy *Manſions* fall, and rot away.
Now come I to *Land-paſſages*, and ſee,
I find defects, would GOD could helped bee:
Where are theſe *Bridges*, over Rivers plac'd?
Which ſometymes haue my *Body* maynely grac'd
Nay; they're ruind, els vtterly decay'd
Whoſe vntected *Arches*, ſpoil'd, are quite deray'd:
Moſt waters now haue neither *Bridge* nor *Boat*,
Which makes ſo many ſink, or helpleſſe float.

The defect of Bridges.

What ſhould I ſpeake of *Perths* outragious *Tay*?
That ſhortly twyſe hath tane her *Bridge* away:
But wayle the loſſe, that *Towne* receav'd thereby;
And for remeed to *Thee*, my *Sou'raigne* cry!
O Gracious Sir! cauſe build that Bridge againe,
And flank each *Columne* with hornd *Arches* twaine:
The ſtones more long and larger than before,
The *Arches* wyder, doubling on each Shoare:
Which made more high and wyde, the ſtrugling flood,
May calmely vent, and not proue half ſo rude:
For which good work, the *Countrey* being eaſd,
Thou ſhalſt be praiſd, and GOD therein well pleaſd.
There many other *Rivers*, *Brookes*, and *Strands*,
Streames, *Rills*, and *Torrents*, march-divyding *Lands*:
Would faine be bridg'd, made paſſable and plank'd,
Men might find way, and *Benefactors* thank'd:
But where's the *Earle*, *Baron*, *Laird*, or *Knight*?
Will prove ſo charitable, though he might:
Nay; there's no *Commoun-wealth*, nor commoun works,
Moſt of them building Neſts for Chimney *Storks*:
But to ſpeake trueth, in times paſt, and of late,
When *Friers* and *Cloiſters* had their ſwaggring ſtate:

Theſe good and beneficiall deeds abounded,
Which now by vs are ruind, rent, and wounded:
And yet my *Nobles*, brooke theſe *Tythes* and rents,
Supply'd this charge, which many one repents:
For them, what good they doe therewith, its knowne,
They fat themſelues, then leaue it to their owne.
Then to helpe this, cauſe eu'ry *Land-Lord*, lo!
Through whoſe juſt bounds, thy *Market Streets* do goe;
To build, ſuſtaine, repayre, whats in decay,
And over lets, to make free paſſage way:
But if this task may ſeeme to great for one,
Then let the *Shyre* helpe him where it's done:
And as the work to modifie the meane,
Wherein the vulgars formoſt ſtill are ſeene:
So ſhall this Nation bleſſe *Thee*, praiſe them too,
When *Landed Men* this *Chriſtian* good ſhall do.
Now for my loſſes, by the *Hoſtile Sea*, *Incurſary Loſſes by Sea.*
Theſe long fiue yeares, in numbers many be:
The *Diveliſh Dunkirker* ranſacks my Ships,
And with the ſcourge of Pryde my fortune whips,
Along the ſhivring tops of rouzing billowes,
Menaſſing *Mars* and *Neptune*; all he ſwallowes
Within the throat of *Hatred*; and he fills
Their *Flandrian Ports* with *Maſts*, as high as Hills:
My Men are captiues, and their goods are loſt
To them and theirs; thy foe of too free coſt,
Enjoyeth all, and then, at randon lets
Mens liues and freedome; if he ranſome gets:
And ly even as they pleaſe on *Ærmouths coaſt*
Or *Humber mouth*, where all my Ships are loſt:
Where then my *Curſars*? Where thy Men of war?
Nay, when they ſee them, hover off a far;
And baſely ſuffer thine *Enemies* to prey,
Vpon thy ſubjects, making no ſupply:
If this be right, or if warres be intended?
I wiſh a better courſe, els they were ended.

The misery of War.

Beſides theſe Sea-bred griefs; ah! now I ſee,
Through ſpatious *Europe* a deformitie:
What ſtrange combuſtions, tumults, and vproares?
Are here and there, alwhere the Sword it goares:
O wretched Tyme! moſt barbarous and rude,
To ſee the *Chriſtian World*, drunk dead with blood;
And not one Kingdome left without curſd jarres,
So vniverſall are theſe woefull warres:
Kings againſt *Kings*, *Nation* againſt *Nation*,
Perfites the Prophecy of *Deſolation*:
The like deludge, reciprocating ſtryfe,
Was not, ſince laſt, *Rome* loſt her *Tribune* lyfe:
O woefull warre! which leſſens wealth, and ſtrength,
And brings the ruynes of ruine at length:
It doth diſhonour *Honour*, and degrad
The mighty Man from what his greatneſſe had:
Even like the rage of the impetuous flood,
Debording from his banks, leaues ſlyme and mood,
To choke the fertile plaines, ſupplants the rootes
Of *Hearbs* and *Trees*, defaceth quite the fruits
Of grapes and grayne; and often breaks the walls
Of ſtrongeſt *Townes*, whereon deſtruction falls.
Even ſo the fury of the bloody *Warre!*
In breking downe the bonds of Peace, debarre
The links of *Loue* and *Alliance*, quite defaceth
The libertie of *Nature*, and diſgraceth
The ornaments of *Tyme*, and cuts the throat
Of Martiall *Darlings*; then caſts vp the lot
Of deſolation, which deſtroyeth all,
Which can to meane, or mighty Men befall:
What though to lyfe, we all but one way came;
Yet diverſe wayes we go out of the ſame:
So fatall *Sword* decrees *Deaths* worſt and beſt;
Mans Epilogue to be, *nunc mortuus eſt.*
Then heere's the *Cataſtrophe!* warfare brings,
For *Preter loſſe* the preſent thought of things.

As

As *Christendome* may curse that *Counte* of *Torne*,
The day that he was got, bred, breathd, or borne:
For diverse causes in *Matthias* tyme,
Which ah of late! turn'd to a vulgar cryme.
So may a lesser World, a greater curse
Impose on some, whose ruind drifts were worse:
But tush, let *Fortune* wag, the *Balls* runne on;
The *Wheele* in pieces chatter, all is One:
There is a day, when *Tyme* shall bring to dust,
There falshood and false honours most injust:
Let *Caperculion*, *Musick Nigromancers*,
French fidling playes, and blind dissembling *Dauncers*,
Enveigle heavie *Tymes*, and runne the *Snout*
Of trecherie vpon a sakeles rout:
There is a *Maskerat*, will ones discover
The lenth twixt *Reize* and *Calz*, from *Calz* to *Dou.r*.
Take heed of *Sinons* teares, take heed of this
False-smyling *Clepho*, with a *Judas* kisse:
Mongst sweetest flowres the link-layd Serpents ly;
And lurking sting, the harmelese goers by:
So vnder faireſt words, the falsest heart
Doth pry, and dyue, to work some grievous smart:
For it is incident to Courteours still,
To speak one way and haue another will:
But much more in the *Minion*, who pretends
A Sou'raigne *Mateship* for his trechrous ends:
Which, though his greatnesse springs not from true merit,
But from the pow'r of loue, which *Kings* inherit:
Yet often, and too often, ah! I find,
That *Kingly* favours, breed a false, false mynd:
And seldome eu'r escapes without retort,
So doubtful are the dangers of a Court.
So present tymes, may for example trade *The trecherie of Mineons.*
On *Duke de Lerma*, whom *Don Phillip* made
His *Mineon*, and his *Oracle*, his guide;
The *King* being simple, meek, and mollify'd:

This

This meane borne gentle-man, now made a *Prince*,
Did ſwallow vp ambition; and from thence,
The dregs of Avarice, diſhoneſt greed,
And from his *Prince* hee ſtole, not having need;
In nyne yeares tyme, full eight *Millions* of gould,
Whilſt *Phillips* Loue was dearer bought, than ſould:
At laſt detect'd, and all his knaveries knowne,
His Spaniſh *Motto* in theſe words were ſhowne:
El mayor ladron del Mondo; Para non morir aorcado,
Veſtioſe de collorado, &c. and engliſhd thus,
The greateſt Theefe, the oldeſt Knaue
That Hell, *the* Divell, *or* Spane *could haue;*
To ſhunne the Gallowes, *hee with ſpeed,*
Did cloth himſelfe in collour red.

For he turnd *Cardinall*, and gaue the *Pope*,
Two hundreth thouſand Crownes to flee the rope:
So had this *Duke* his *Mineon*, eke a *Don*,
Made *Marques* too, call'd *Roderick Calderon*:
Who following *Lermaes* footſteps, wax'd ſo bould,
That he ſtole too four *Millions* of pure gould:
Which being diſcouerd for his fellonie,
This courtly Theefe hee was condemn'd to dye:
The lyke and like againe I could produce,
But this may ſerue for to ſhut vp the ſluce.

Admonitious for Kings.

O! if that Kings! as they are Kings would look,
And read lyke records of as blak a book:
Sure they would ſee great errours they commit,
In giving truſt to any *Paraſit*;
But thou bleſt King, thou art not cary'd ſo,
Thou canſt diſcerne thy friend from ſecret foe:
And will not be the ſame that thou do'ſt ſeeme,
How fond ſoever vulgare cenſures deeme:
Yet in times paſt, the like erronious errours,
Haue bred to *Kings* and *Kingdomes*, helples terrours:
Who from himſelſe bequeaths himſelfe, and *State*,
(And in his crowne would haue a rivall *Mate*)

Vnto anothers gouernment, and will;
God knowes ſome *Puppy*, voyd of wit and ſkill
He is but half a Man, and not his owne,
Yea ſometymes ſcarce, the half that I haue ſhowne,
For he thats led, and ruld by others pleaſure,
In judgement, nor in juſtice, keeps no meaſure.
As KINGS are abſolute, ſo, ſhould they be,
As abſolute, in ſound dexteritie.
Saue in great matters, than to be advyſd,
By *Counſells* graue, or they be interpryſd:
If not and ſo, that one, muſt needs rule all,
Be't Lyf, or *Honour*, Liberty, or thrall:
Looke to the events, doubtfully confuſd.
Whilſt or the *Bird* be hatchd the *Egge* is bruiſd;
What *Dauid* ſayd of lyke? I'le prayſing tell,
He begd of GOD, to ſend them quick to Hell:
So KINGS haue periſhd, and their *Kingdomes* ſalne
In cruell bondage, and their *People* thralne:
Lyke made young *Oſman*, looſe his *Princely Lyfe*,
Which filld his *Kingdomes*, with inteſtine ſtryf,
So the laſt *Hungar King*, was croſſd and ſackt,
And by his *Minion*, ſould, ruynd, and wrackt:
But why? ſhould I, examplify, ſo much,
Since thou haſt deep experience of ſuch:
Yet he is happy, makes anothers fall,
A warning to prevent vntymely thrall.
Ah! and thryſe ah! ſo *Germany* is layd,
Vnder the *Spanyards* foote; and *Auſtria* made,
The head of that *Empyre*: greef beyond ſorrow,
To ſee proud *Tirants*, from ten *Princes* burrow:
Such helples loanes; that neither ſword nor might,
Nor Law nor Reaſon, can recall their right.
O! that one blow! one *Tyme!* O! angry fates!
Should ruyne both *Religion* there, and *States*:
Curſd be the ſpight of that vntymely doome,
Which *Spaine* divyſeth, and confirmd by *Rome*:

The ruine of Germany.

Spaine seekes dominion, and the *Popes* impart,
Them power to swallow all, so they haue part:
And *Thee*, and thy three *Kingdomes* too, they would,
Cast in the fornace, of a *Spanish Mould*.

The Spanyards insatiable greed of dominion.

Yet Tyme may lash, the force of thy prowd foe,
And make ambition, subject to lyke woe:
Who seeks *Kings* ruine, and would domineere
O're all the *Vniverse*, yea, and vpreare,
The base record, of *Vandals Gothes*, and *Hunnes*,
Of whome they're come *Men*, *Daughters*, *Wyues*, and *Sonnes*,
Whose greed most *Indian* Soyles, can not contayne,
Nor large *Americk* the old, and new namd *Spaine*:
The Sea-coast *Affrick* Townes; *Atlantick Iles*;
Nor *Ballearen*, nor *Sardinian* Styles:
The fat *Sicilian* playnes, got by the blood,
Of murtherd *Gaules*, can not his pryde includ,
Nor the *Apulian*, *Callabrian* Lands, and more,
The Seate of *Naples*, the *Lavorean* Shoare:
The *Millane Dutchy*, nor *Pavian* bounds;
The racked *Belgia*, nor the high *Burgounds*;
The *Pyrheneian Navarre*, the *Voltelyne*;
Can not this *Monsters Monarchy*, confyne:
For if he could, he would, himselfe invest,
From *Pole*, to *Pole*, and so from East to West:
Yet doubtles Tyme, his pryde and greed shall dash,
And raze his might, for so can fortune lash.

Lithgows iniust and cruell torturs inflicted vpon him in Malaga.

Thou mayst recall herein, that cruell payne,
And bloody Tortures, LITHGOVV had in *Spaine*,
Which for CHRISTS sake, his Countrey and thy *Syre*,
He patiently endur'd, O! thou mayst admyre:
His constancy for Trueth, and for that *Treason*,
Injustly layd on him, beyond all reason:
Being in tyme of Peace, and no suspect,
Of breach; but what they falsly did detect:
And hauing too, thy *Fathers Seales*, and *Hand*,
For to protect him, to the *Æthiope Land*:

Whose

Whoſe lyfe, the *Engliſh* factors ſeeing ſurgrieud,
By meanes of Noble *Aſton*, him relieud:
What Tongue? what Pen? what Mynd can well expreſſe?
Or Heart conceaue? his Torments mercyles:
Nay; none but thy late *Father*, rightly weighd,
And *Parliament*; how they his Peace inveighd:
For which (deare royall IAMES,) had full regard,
His Suffrings, and his Trauells, to reward:
Yea, graciouſly maintaynd him, tooke delight,
To heare his rare diſcourſe, of forraine fight:
Then (*Sir*) make fals, this Proverbe, turne his Debter,
There ſeldome, comes (Men ſay) *a Father better*,
Say though hee had not for thy *Crowne*, bene croſt,
Rackd, bruiſd, diſjoynted, and his *Fortunes* loſt:
With all theſe moneyes, thy *Syre* did him giſt,
And Thow Thy ſelf, for to advance his driſt:
With Papers, Obſervations, Patents, Seales.
Which now are loſt, and loſt for aye, he feeles:
Yet doe his Trauells merit, his rare adventers:
His wandring long, beyond the Earths full Centers:
His curious driſts, his ſlighting wretched gaines;
His much-admyrd attempts! his matchles paines,
His Fame hee wonne thereby, to Mee and Myne,
Leauing my ſtamp, on Earths remoteſt *Shryne*:
And where I was not knowne, did annalize,
My Name in records, of true *Sacrifice*:
Yea did acquaint Mee, with each kynd of thing.
That pregnant Knowledge, could contentment bring;
Strengths, Townes, Caſtles, *Cittadales* and *Forts*,
Diſtance of places, *Regions*, *Iles*, and *Ports*,
Their maners too, and living, rites, and Lawes,
Cuſtomes and gouernment, Religions Sawes:
Of *Turke*, and *Iew*, *Arabian*, *Greek*, *and Moore*,
Sabunck, and *Coptie*, the *Egyptian* glore:
The *Cypriot*, *Tartyr*, *Creet*, and *Turcoman*,
The groſſe *Armenian*, Sun-burnt *Affrican*;

The *Abasine* and whyte *Moore*; the *Nestorian*,
The *Chelfane*, *Iacobin*, *Syriack*, *Georgian*;
The *Amaronite*, *Lybian*, and *Nigroe* black,
Besydes all *Europe*, in a word to take:
All these and reasons, many hundreds moe,
Deserve that (*Sir*) thou shouldst appease his woe.
For he's the first, of *Trauells*, ever wrot,
Since my all-Virgine Wombe, first bred a *Scot*:
The Prince of *Pilgrimes*, Father of them all,
And greatest *Trauellor*, Earths circling Ball.
Can *Europs* eye affoord: O happy *Man*!
Whose mynd feasts, on rare sights; which none els can;
There Thousand Thousands, eu'ry where complayne,
That thy just bounty, should him not sustayne,
But hath impos'd vpon him, a sore greef,
To make my Bowells, yeeld him now releef:
Where ah! there's nought, but povertie and pryde,
And misregard to *Merit*, so wele try'd:
I could be more *Pathetick*, in his greef,
But that were too indulgent, I'le be breef,
Then (*Sir*) For my request, thy *Soyle*, thy *Nation*,
Help LITHGOVVS want, relieue his desolation.
Then shall thy bounty praise *Thee*, place thine *Heart*,
On merits Glory, gracious to desert.
To speek of ruind *Churches*, vntect'd, vnwalld,
Decayed Churches. Left vnprovyded, stipend-vnenstalld,
Into my Borders, *Iles*, and High-land parts,
Which deep experience, to my sight imparts.
It would too tedious be, and prolixe proue;
So I'le desist, the helpe ly'th in thy Loue;
Which euer yet, thou zealously expres't,
For GODS true Glory, in thy lyfe profest.
But true it is, the *Lairds* which owe the ground,
Are causes why, they thus abus'd are found.
But more than this, there *Preachers*, that are placd,
Within my *Maine*, and orderly imbracd

Yet can not get their ſtipends, and *Church* rent,
Without conteſtion, and great diſcontent.
The *Pariſh* Laird, or Lord, obiects ſome clauſe,
Againſt the *Paſtors*, Miniſteriall cauſe,
Els thus in robbing, of his yearely fee,
To force him both, from Church and Pariſh flee:
This done for law they goe, to plead it out,
Till ſlyding yeares, and months, runne thryſe about.
Which now makes *Edinburgh*, each *Seſſion* bee,
So full of Preachers, ſwarming as I ſee:
Whilſt ah, their flocks at home, are evill taught,
And *Gods* bleſt *Sabboth*, too prophanely fraught,
With drunken Vyce, and lewd laſchivious ſin,
Which without Doctrine, ſoone comes creeping in:
Thus many Preiſts are plagud; and vnrelieu'd,
The people periſh, honeſt hearts are grieud.
The Lairds triumph, in their ambitious hate,
And care not for GODS worſhip, nor Mans ſtate,
Which if it be not helpd. O grieuous croſſe!
I feare *Religion*, ſhall haue the loſſe.
So with this grieuance, I bequeath the reſt,
To be reformd by *Thee*, and ſoone redreſt:
Then weigh them right, into thy judgement juſt,
That theſe confuſions may be brought to duſt:
So ſhall this *Land* be happy, liue in reſt,
By thy good *Gouernment*; when Trueth thryſe bleſt,
Shall Crowne thy Iuſtice; and when Vyce ſhall be,
And errours groſſe, repayrd in equitie.
The *Parliament* done, now I muſt commend,
Some Nobles to thy Loue, and ſo I'le end:
Make much of *Hamilton*, my *Princely Peere*;
Thy choyſeſt Subject, and thy *Couſing Deare*.
Whoſe *Syre*, whoſe *Grandſyre*, whoſe *Pedegree*,
For faithfull ſervice, to thy Crowne and *Mee*;
Deſerve the *Mauſolaeon Tombe*; *Cariaes* wonder,
To blaze thereon, their fame; and for to thunder.

Miniſters wronged by their Pariſh Lairds.

A recommendation of all the Proteſtant Nobles to his Maieſtie.

To Tymes ſucceeding; in mem'rie of worth,
Their Noble actions: ſet ſo lyvely forth:
To each declyning Age: That even his part,
Their former Lyves, ſtamps in his hopefull Heart:
Whoſe greatnes is my Mirrour, and whoſe light,
Illuminats my *Weſterne* bounds by right:
Whence grateſull CLYDE, redounds from cheareſull banks,
To that *Illuſtrious Youth*, ten thouſand thanks.

The houſe of Mar. To pen, and praiſe to *Thee*, that houſe of *Mar*,
In Mee were odious; ſince thou knowſt how far;
It do'th ſurpaſſe moſt others: for that *Lord*,
Deſerues my *Chronicle*, for to record,
His *Providence*, and *Wiſdome*; whilſt his deeds,
Do trample vpon Vertue; whence ſucceeds:
So many *Sonnes* and *Daughters*: O! rare birth!
Whome GOD may long bleſſe, and preſerue on Earth:
That as their *Syre*, in his matchles fame,
So they themſelues, may ſtill retayne the ſame;
Whilſt Glory, vpon Glory, ſhall redowne,
To Them and Theirs, an euer-fixd renowne:

Montroſe. As for that hopefull Youth, the young *Lord Grahame*,
Iames Earle of *Montroſe*; whoſe war-lyke Name,
Sprung from redoubted worth, made Manhood try,
Their matchles deeds, in vnmatchd *Chinalry*:
I doe bequeath him, to thy gracious Loue,
Whoſe Noble Stocke, did euer faithfull prove:
To thyne old-aged *Auncestors*; and my bounds,
Were often freed, from thraldome, by their wounds:
Leauing their roote, the ſtamp, of fidele trueth,
To be inherent, in this noble Youth:
Whoſe Hearts, whoſe Hands, whoſe Swords, whoſe Deeds, whoſe (Fame
Made *Mars* for valour, cannonize the *Grahame*.

Munteith. Wherein *Muntieth*, that auncient *Earle* may,
Plead for his part, whoſe right retaines it aye,
In *One*, and the ſame *Stock*, being branchd, and graft,
By diſcent in it, and whoſe Lawrell ſhaft:

Of Honour aymes it, for his worth may clayme;
The *Caledonean Mantle*, in the *Grahame*.
To rouze the trueth, which ſtill muſt paſſage find,
Of worthy *Rathus*, and his learned Mynd;
I doe admyre him, for his gifts moſt rare,
Which few can paralell, nor yet compare;
With him for auncient Blood, nor preſent worth,
Which pregnant deeds, and Learned parts ſet forth.
Now plead I for the Earle *Home*, and ſee,
That *Martiall* Name, did much for Thyne, and Mee:
They were my *Bulwark*, in the eaſterne Border,
And keept my Nyghbour foes, in awfull order:
For *Home*, deryvd of *Homo*, is a *Man*,
And *Merſe*, of *Mars*, ſo *Home*, and *Merſe*, I ſcan:
Whoſe auncient ſervices, and moderne Loue,
Deſerve of *Thee* great thanks, rewards of *Iove*:
Who by juſt merit, weare the *Sanguine Roſe*,
Of all theſe Conſynes, which my Liſts encloſe.
So paynt I foorth, with penſile-drawing hand,
That noble Mirrour, *Marſhall* of my land:
There's Noble *Caſſells* too, and gallant *Mortoun*,
Deſerue, as they enjoy, Auſpicuous Fortune,
With *Murray*, *Ainzie*, *Sutherland*, and *Lorne*,
Lithgow, *Eglintoun*, *Wigton*, and *Kingorne*:
Buckcleuch, and *Buchan*, *Hadington*, *Glencarne*;
Roxbrough, *Galloway*, *Sea-Forth*, *Tillibarne*;
Cathnes, *Dumfermling*, *Kellie*, *Lauderdale*;
Perth, *Louthian* too; *Crawfurd*, and *Annandale*,
And laſt, though firſt, ſo firſt, and laſt now looke,
Vpon thy blood and kinſman, *Lennox Duke*.
All which are *Peeres*, by true *Religion* Crownd,
And Honour too, thy faithfull friends renownd.
Though here I place moſt, not as order growes,
But from my kyndnes, as affection flowes,
Let *Heraulds* rank them, its enough for Mee,
To ſhow their Names, and keepe true Poeſie.

Rothouſe.

The Earle Home.

The Earls in generall.

As

Lord Barons.

As for Lord *Barons*, *Lyndesay* and *Cath Cart*,
Boyd, *Rosse*, and *Yester*, *Forbus*, pious *Heart*:
Lord Viscont Duptine, *Chauncelor* of my *State*,
With *Marchestoun*, as good, as now made great:
Sinclair, and *Saltoun*; *Lowdon*, in the West,
With *Elphingston*, and *Burley*, I protest:
Borthwick, and *Dalyiell*, *Oglebie*, and *Skyne*,
Cowper, and *Ramsay*, *Brountilland*, *Lord Downe*:
Lovit, *Halyrudehouse*, *Cranston*, *Blantyre*,
Kinclevin, *Balmarinoch*, *Lindores*, *Kintyre*:
Madertie, *Torphichen*, and *Viscont Aire*;
Carnagy, *Drumlanerk*, *Weems*, and *Traquaire*:
Dessurd, and *Iedbrugh*, *Colvin*: And how far.
May I, even with the best, bring *Lochinvar*:
With *Luce*, and *Waghton*, *Iohnson*, too: and *Keire*,
Who know'th but they may *Lords* be the next yeare?
Drum and *Glennorchy* too, I well may rank,
In way of *Honour*, sitting at their flank.
All these bee thyne, thy *Darlings*, and the knot,
Which tye my freedome, to each worthy *Scot*;
Being religious Lords, and wele reformd,
From Superstition, and to trueth conformd:
And if some be not so, (dissemblers then)
They're scoffing Atheists, irreligious Men:
For if the inward, with the outward show
Agree not; then they're *Hipocrits* I know.
But each and all of them, doe make profession,
Of CHRISTS reformed *Church*, by cleare confession.

The Condition of Papist Lords.

As for my *Papist Lords*, its hard to say,
Whether the *Pope*, or *Thee*, they best obey.
For Mee, I will not count them, nor make doubt,
But they may soone be tould, being here left out,
But this I may avouch, though they're enclynd,
In show to *Thee*; *Rome* keeps their heart and mynd:
Contayning more, seven Hills within her walles,
And why, not too, their silly Hearts and Saules:

For there are holes and Caues, and ruind Pits,
And *Vineyards* too, to which my *Papiſt flits*:
Yea; ſtinking Pudles, of *Sodomitick* lyues,
Where beſt the *Boy* with the *Cardinall* thryues.
Yea; and this *Pope Vrban*, ones my Protector,
To *Maſculine* miſ'rye was *Architector*:
Witneſſe *Bullogne*, *Ravenna*, *Ferrare Torine*,
Ancona too, plac'd by the *Adrian Marine*,
What then *Romes Legat*, that's now *Pope* committed?
It were an odious thing to be omitted:
For when my Youths, he then ſurnamd my head
Came to him, ſeeking ſuccour: O! then with ſpeed!
If that the face was good, he ſoone calld in,
And gaue them Crownes, with blak *Gomorrahaes* ſin:
Witneſſe *Iack Ogelbie*, thou canſt report,
What way this *Pope*, thy ſcreeking *Bomb* did court?
For which this *Lad* beene grieu'd in very ſpight,
He ſtole nyne hundreth Crownes, and took the flight,
From this ſame *Pope*, then *Card'nall Barbarino*;
And came to *Venice*, croſſd the *Alpes* to *Rhino*.
I could tell tyme and place, and how he vſd
This Youth with many moe, whom he abuſd:
But now *Divell* fetch him, what ſhould I reveale?
He lou'd my *Lads* poſteriour parts too wele:
In *Rome* and *Italy* was never ſeene,
A greater *Sodomit* than he hath beene:
He was my *Scots Protector*, and infectd them,
With beaſtly filthineſſe, ſo he protectd them.
Then heere's their *Pope*, his Holineſſe indeed;
CHRISTS *Viccar*, S^t^. *Peters* heyre, their *Churches head!*
O! *Monſter* againſt *Nature!* O *Deſolation!*
O *filthy Wretch! O vyld abomination!*
Downe ſtinking Sow, downe Beaſt to *Plutoes Cell*,
In ſtead of *Heaven*, keepe there the Ports of *Hell*.
Now Prieſt haue with thee, for a ſingle bout,
For well could I (if tyme ſeru'd) payut thee out:

Against the Prieſt and his Maſſe.

What's

What's now thy *Maſſe*? (come tell me) nay its ſuch;
A fooliſh ſoppric, that I dare avouch.
It is the ſink of Sinne, the neſt of errour;
The gulfe of *Superſtition*; and the *Mirrour*
Of blinded *Ignorance*; whoſe mumbling mood;
Even in the action is not vnderſtood.
And there's the *Maſſe*, *Idolatrie* compleets!
The *Prieſt*, his owne *Creator* frames and eats:
But more thy *Blaſphemy*; O ſubtile foxe!
That dares to lock thy GOD within a *Boxe*;
To be conſum'd with *Mothes*, and wormiſh gnats,
Yea; worne with *Tyme*, and eaten vp with *Rats*:
As for thy *Miracles*, and penny-*pardons*,
Thy purging *Pit*, *Indulgences*, and *Guerdons*:
I know what thou confeſſd, thou touldſt mee plaine,
They were but forged leyes, for getting gayne:
I could at length ſhow hundreths of like errours:
Whoſe works, and wayes, of *Hell*, are meereſt *Mirrours*.
O what deluſions? and what Diveliſh drifts?
Of curſd ſuggeſtions, in the jugling ſhifts;
Of falſe Opinion, intricat their braines
With blind diverſion; and with halting ſtraynes,
Of bould Preſumption; thus dare caſt the Mould,
Of their inceſtuous luſt; for now behould!
They truſt in their owne labours, and degreſſe
From GODS true worſhip, in their mumbling *Maſſe*.

The ignorance of Papiſts.

But for my Noble Brood, and crew of *Papiſts*,
They liue more by opinion, as do *Atheiſts*,
Than any ſound conſtruction; for tradition
Is all they looke for in their ſuperſtition:
Yet when my *Church* threats excomunication,
As ſoone they find ſome wreſted diſpenſation,
Or els forbearance: why? Becauſe they're Earles,
And court *Thy Court*, to beg *Thy* favour *Charles*:
Let this be help'd, for both to hould, and hunt,
Is more than ever ſound *Religion* wont.

And call to minde what *David* he would do,
Firſt clenge his *houſe*, and then his *Kingdome* too:
Say, if the Spring be ſowre, how can the ſtreame
Be ſweet; or how can light from darkneſſe gleame?
For great *Ones* they are *Preſidents*, and may
Bring good or bad into a commoun ſwey:
So People by example, more than *Loue*,
Are brought to follow what *Superiours* moue.
O! if I might, as *Paſtors* ought and ſhould
GODS judgements ſhow, and not for flattry hould;
I ſoone would ſhow the cauſe why GODS offended,
And plagues vs ſo in all our drifts intended.
But now allace! Mens earthly mynded ſavour,
Can wound their zeale, and blind their ſight for favour:
Yet of all *Preachers*, which my bounds contayne,
There's onely *Ramſay* of *Drumfreis* takes payne;
To curb, and to convert, or els bring vnder
Theſe ſtinging *Waſps* of ignorance the wonder;
For he is placd in midſt of the worſt fry,
Of all theſe *Locuſts*, which GODS word deny.
But true it is, theſe *Idole-ſervers* may, *Lack of Charity.*
Laugh at our coldneſſe in good works this day:
There is no Charity, nor true intent,
By the diſpoſers of it, done, or meant;
As ringing *Bells* cite others to the *Church*,
But they themſelues neu'r enter at the *Porch*:
So many *Cymballs* ſound through diverſe throates,
And rayſe their voyces contrare to their notes:
Whilſt all their *Tunes* in ſuch diſtracted mirth,
Are clog'd with clay, heart-grown vnto the Earth:
Which LITHGOVVS ſurveigh of my bounds, I know.
More amply ſhall in plainer tearmes ſhow:
There's heere a myſtery, which few can tell,
Vnles *Theology* the paſſage ſpell.
Yet aboue all, let *Prieſts*, and *Papiſts* be,
Forc'd to convert, or baniſh'd quite from Mee:

And ſhew them no more ruth, then they ſhow Myne,
In *Spaine*, and *Rome*, who ſtrictly puniſh Thyne:
For it ſtands good, that lyke, for lyke againe,
Should be inflicted, lyke puniſhment, lyke paine.

Sir William Alexander Lord Secretary of Scotland

Now touch I *Menſtrie*, fraught with crimſon flames,
Of *Acedalian* fyre; whom *Hymen* frames,
The *Muſes Darling*; whilſt *Appollo* vowes,
To ſit betwene the *Temples* of his browes;
And there knit *Garlands*, twiſt with *Delphian* bayes,
To crowne his ſacred ſtrayne, with divyne prayſe:
Whence hee proclaymes him, *Prince*, of *Poets* all,
That ever *Albion* bred, or could enſtall:

But what I moſt admyre, and muſt commend,
Are theſe his rare adventures, he do'th ſend:
Hence t'*Americk*; whence *Cannada* confynes,
His new layd limits: *Reaſon* too combynes,
A conſtant reſolution, there to plant,
My *Nova Scotia*; where nothing can want,
For grounds both fat, and fertile; their curling plaines,
Are cled with Woods; there wealth to Countrey *Swaines*,
May copiouſly aryſe: Their *Rye* and *Wheat*,
With Cornes and grayne, might ſoone be brought compleet;
There *Paſtorage* excells, their fiſh abound,
There flying Foule, and ſpeedy *Cerfs* are found:
The Soyle, a Climat cleare, the Seaſons fayre,
Where fragrant fruits ſurpaſſe, Hearbs grow moſt rare.

To which if that my Nobles, would but lend,
Their helping hands, and their proviſion ſend,
Of Folks and Beſtiall, Seed, and euery thing,
O what encreaſe ſhould this Plantation bring!
In doing which, they ſhould enlarge my Name,
Making my bowells, famous, in their fame:
And to which end, I vow, my *Pilgrime* would
Adventure too, provyding he had gould.

There CHRIST ſhall be profeſſd, the *Goſpell* preachd,
And ſavage *Bruites* borne there, Salvation teachd:

For

For which braue *Menſtrie*, in his matchles merit,
Shall prayſe on *Earth*, reward from *Heaven* inherit:
Then *Alexander*, let that *Prouince* be,
Call'd *Alexandria*, from this Name of *Thee*;
That after Ages may the ſame record,
Thou was the firſt *Plantator* there, and *Lord*;
Which ſimpathizeth well with that great King,
The *Macedonian Conqu'rour*, who did bring
The eaſterne World in bonds, made *Ganges* be,
The *Frontier* of his *fortunes*; leaving *Thee*,
This *Patrimoniall* place, the weſtmoſt *Mayne*;
For to renew his memorie againe:
So *Menſtrie*, *Thou*, with *Aſiaes* great Commander,
Shall twiſe ſucceed, a ſecond *Alexander*.

Laſt plead I for my ſelfe, now my requeſt,
Moſt Royall Sir, flowes from a proſtrat breſt;
Even from the *Torrid Zone* of myne affection;
I beg *Thy* deepeſt *Loue*, and deare *Protection*:
That twixt *Thy Heart* and *Soule*, two *Tropicks* great,
I vnder-plac'd, may find *Thy* radiant heat:
Whoſe tender Care, whoſe Deeds, whoſe Zeale Divyne,
May be *Heavens Æquinox* to Mee, and Mine:
That from *Thy Beames*, I frozen, may recoile,
As hot a flame, as Parcheth, *Æthiops* Soile:
So ſhall theſe *Circles*, *Hemi-ſpheares* of *Loue*,
And theſe fix'd *Planets*, which no ſtorme can moue;
Be my ſole *Zodiack*, and the *Horizon*,
For to perfite, and crowne my gliſtring *Zone*:
That *Thou* my *Worlds* great eye, and thy deſignes,
May happy be, through *Heavens Celeſtiall* ſignes:
So ſhall my *Faith*, and duety, be the *Polles*,
Whereon the *Axle-Tree*, of thy *Scepter* rolles:
Whence let theſe rayes *Antartick*, thy beſt glory
Reflexe on Mee, thine *Artick* Soile, growne hoary.

Scotlands recommendation to his Maieſtie.

And though my *Saturne Cape* ſalutes the *Starre*,
Which guides moſt Pilots, yet who can debarre

Mine *Iles*, and Mayne dimenſious bounds to yeeld
Thee, *Martialiſts*, the beſt on earth for field:
I am thine eldeſt *Daughter*, and my *Birth*;
Thy neareſt *Subjects* living vpon *Earth*.
But why plead I ſo much? Why paint I forth?
My *Sonnes* in their illuminary worth:
Since thou art poſting back to *Iſis* banks,
And leaues me naked, onely cled with thanks.

Scotlands ſorrow for his Mateſties quick returne.

Now muſt I ſpinne my long ſpunne web, and knit
Penelope, within the length of it:
Whilſt *Memphis* groanes, to ſee ſad *Sparta* mourne,
Twixt two arryvalls, and a quick returne:
Ah! well I ſee the Suune, when at the hight,
Muſt ſoone declyne to bring on darkſome night:
And are my joyes fled, my *Darling* gone,
Like to the ſhaddow of ſome wandring *One*;
I, I, thy ſtay to Mee, and Thy goodnight,
Seem'd but the glaunсing of a *Faulcons* flight;
Which makes my *Bowells* roare, my griefe reſounds it,
There's none can heale my ſore, but *Thow* who wounds it.
That ſhearing Sword, which ſharply ſtroke the *Heart*,
Of bleeding *Loue*, when *Æneas* did depart;
Neu'r rent kynd *Dido* with a deeper wound,
Than thy departure makes my Soule to ſtound:
Even like *Palmeno*, paunting on his Bed,
Still wiſhing Death, or els his ayme to wed.
But more kynd *Turtle*-ſet, O Heart-growne-griefe!
To groane, till *Heavens* ſoone ſend my playnts reliefe;
I ſee ebbe foords, though ſhallow, bellowing roare,
Whilſt deepeſt ſtreames, in ſilence court the Shoare;
So mighty Cares grow mute, when ſlender woes
Find choiſeſt tearmes, ſlight ſorrowes to diſcloſe:
As deepeſt *Loue* is ever ſafeſt kept,
So is pale griefe more ſadly cloſd, than weept:
What then, though woes get words, I'le deeply mourne
With ſighs, ſalt teares, and ſobs, till *Thy* returne.

The

The waſting *Winter* of the *Sommers* gayne,
Neu'r wiſhd the *Spring*, the *Spring*, the *Harueſt* againe;
With more celeritie, than I implore
Thy Preſence, were as oft renew'd, and more.
Lyke to the Day-worne *Pilgrime*, ſhut from light;
Cloſd with dark Coverts of the clowdie night,
Longs for the *Aurore* of the ſequell Morne,
To ſee the face-bluſhd *Thetis* Sonne, new borne:
So I wrapt vp, within the gloomy ſhade
Of ſad oblivion, am a *Mourner* made;
Till thy returne,(like to *Nocturnall* dew,)
Reſume, refreſh this flame, that burnes for you:
Which ſoone I wiſh might be reveiu'd and ſeene,
Cled with like glory, as *Thow* now haſt beene:
Which if it were reciprocall, O well!
My Comforts could aboue my griefe excell:
Yet ſince *Thine* abſence muſt my *Patience* proue;
I'le ceaſe to mourne, but never ceaſe to loue.
Then in a word, (though thouſands ly in ſtore)
I'le end, and thus, on my low knees implore;
Yea *Heavens* which ſhaddow, and protect juſt KINGS,
With MIGHT and MERCY; deoperculat wings,
Of LIGHT and GLORY, ſtill ſaue, and defend
Mine happie MONARCH, both in lyfe, and end,
With preſent BLESSINGS, future HOPES in IOVE,
PEACE heere on EARTH, and hence eternall LOVE.

FINIS.